

VOGUE



Continental
Edition

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher

Late December



TRACE the season's fashions back to their fabric source and in Velveteens you arrive at the very birthplace of the industry in this country—the Crompton mills in the old Rhode Island Village of Crompton.

Crompton Velveteens, long recognized to be the finest in quality, are now enriched by the new Crompton Finish; soft, sinuous, silky, with a lustre which makes all other velveteens seem flat and dead. The colors, too, are fast and the deep, rich pile, securely held in place by our twill back construction, is practically wear-proof.

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THIRTY ONE EAST THIRTY FIRST STREET NEW YORK

BUY





DON'T FORGET THE POOR YOU HELPED BEFORE THE WAR

YOU'VE sent your Christmas contribution to the Red Cross, of course; you've subscribed to the seven recreational organizations that work overseas; you've not forgotten the Fatherless Children of France or the Belgian Babies; you've given records to the Phonograph Records Recruiting Corps, and books to the Library Association, and field-glasses to the Navy, and warm clothes to all the refugees in devastated France. In fact, you've remembered all the new brave causes, the new pitiful sufferers. But—

THE POOR THAT ARE ALWAYS HERE

It may be that you've forgotten the little Christmas things you used to do before the War. Have you thought of the poor-ye-have-always-with-you, the patient-faced old people in the Homes; the little white hospital beds—

row on row—that are filled by the sick for whom nobody subscribes because they're just civilians, and none too brave about their sorrows—no braver than you?

Don't you remember the turkeys that used to go into the white baskets laid out on the big kitchen table when you were just able to reach them by standing on your tiptoes? Don't you remember how cook let you help pack them, especially the one for the little lame cobbler who swore—and lived all alone? And Janie whose father drank—there was a basket for her, too, with your own Victoria Mary that you'd cried over, shutting her blue eyes obediently in the upper left-hand corner.

Don't you remember the ride through the white Christmas Eve—real sleigh-bells ajingle—and the light that streamed out of the cobbler's wee cottage? And Janie, afraid to believe, with her face in Victoria Mary's curls?

Don't do all your Christmas giving this year for the new brave—the new poor—the new sorrowful. And don't do it all in bills, through a Committee. The turkey-in-the-basket days were happiest because you gave more than money. You gave time, and thought, and smiles, and Victoria Mary, and—yes, the best of it—you didn't dance on Christmas Eve. You went with the baskets in the sleigh.

TWO THOUSAND WHITE DECEMBERS

After all— isn't it so?—the most wonderful thing about the Wonderful Babe whose birthday we've kept so strangely—so selfishly—through all these two thousand white Decembers—the most wonderful thing about Him was that He didn't send a gift to us—He came to us Himself.

VOL. 52 NO. 11

WHOLE NO. 1103

Cover Design by Helen Dryden

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C O N T E N T S

for

Late December, 1918



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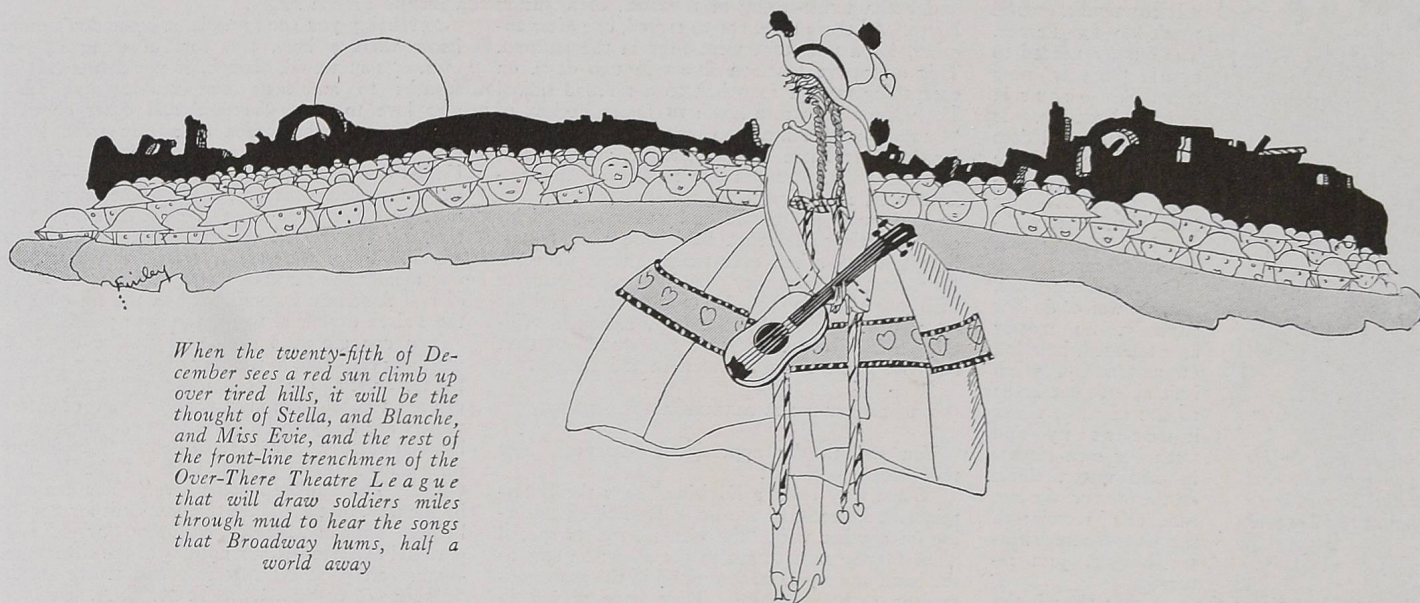


Paul Thompson

MAJOR AND MRS. THOMAS HITCHCOCK

Major and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, who are always present at the amateur race meets, are shown at the sixteenth annual Piping Rock Horse Show. Mrs. Hitchcock is an unusual horse-woman and always rides at these events, taking her horses over the jumps in competition with the most expert horsemen. Major Hitchcock is commander of the training department at the Mineola Aviation Field. Their son, Lieutenant Thomas Hitchcock, junior, is a member of the Lafayette Escadrille and was one of the first young Americans to

go to the front. Last winter he brought down two German fliers and received the Croix de Guerre with two palms and the prize money awarded by the Escadrille for bravery. Later he was taken prisoner by the Germans and for some time it was not known whether he was alive or dead. After several months he escaped from a German prison camp, walking eighty miles through German territory and arriving safely at the Swiss border. Recently he received a third palm for having been brought down behind the enemy lines



When the twenty-fifth of December sees a red sun climb up over tired hills, it will be the thought of Stella, and Blanche, and Miss Evie, and the rest of the front-line trenchmen of the Over-There Theatre League that will draw soldiers miles through mud to hear the songs that Broadway hums, half a world away

PLAYING THE FRONT FOR CHRISTMAS

THE long narrow hall was jammed with benches, and the benches were jammed with navy blue backs—full twelve hundred of them—clean up to the edge of the giddy crimson and gold curtain that hid the stage. An irrepressible blue back in front of the mechanical piano helped that hero of a hundred fights to do its worst and joyfully urged the assembled Navy to a tickle-toeful accompaniment. This we saw in the instant we rounded the corner into the hall; then, as though an unseen officer had sung out an order, the whole audience right-about-faced and gave us the benefit of its grinning countenance.

Stella led the line of girls that made their way up the side aisle to the dressing-room, and Stella, as you'd be the first to agree, was quite enough to upset any Navy's circulation.

We were an Over-There Theatre League unit on its way to the front, via Ellis Island,—that is Stella, and Blanche, and Louise, and Elizabeth, and Miss Evie were the unit. The rest of the line consisted of special-permit civilian spectators (quite negligible) who wanted to follow the unit to the very edge of the continent so as to see as far as might be into the haze that would swallow it when it started for France. Christmas was coming, and, since the boys couldn't get home, America was sending more than a hundred entertainers to Europe. And this unit played Ellis Island as its last one-night stand on the road to Paris.

THE LAST STAND ON THE ROAD TO PARIS

"Dead?" said Elizabeth the pianist, shedding the hat that covered her ash blonde head, once the dressing-room curtain had stopped swaying to the tune of a long nautical sigh twelve hundred strong. "I packed till three-thirty last night, then I got up at six-thirty and packed some more, and ran around town getting things I'd forgot. Of course, I'm glad I came over to-night—but tired!"

Miss Evie eased a slim arm out of her coat. "That inoculation hurts like blazes—arm's swelled down to the wrist—but it's all in

Our Over-There Theatre League Sends
More Than a Hundred Entertainers to Carry
The Footlights of Broadway over to France

By BETTY D. THORNLEY

the day's work. I'm game for it if you are."

"Personally, I shouldn't mind packing or inoculation," Blanche observed with a yawn. "But that passport office made me bring everything from my birth certificate to a deed for the family plot in the cemetery."

But here the Navy came to say the civilian spectators' bench was placed and would the occupants please occupy? Two minutes later the crimson and gold curtains slid back, for there's precious little time for dressing with an audience that says "Sit down, you gob," every time a man moves, for fear it will lose sight of your entrance.

One has confused memories of that show because not more than half of it was on the stage. For instance, who could think of the climax of Miss Evie's second coon yarn without hearing

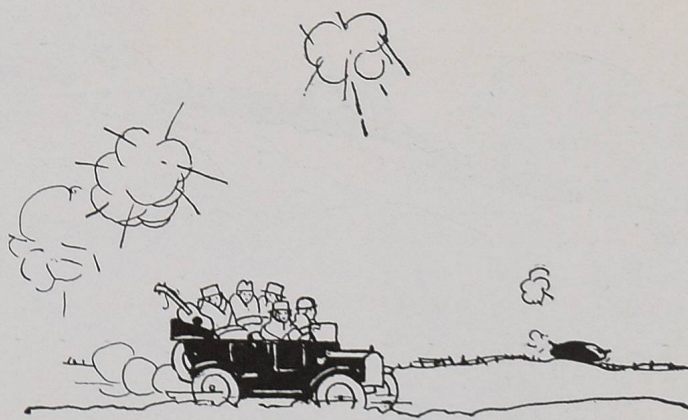
the voice of the coxswain in the front seat, raised in a delighted whoop that quite upset the Y. M. C. A. secretary who sat on the stairs? Who could see Stella in her pink chiffons and her frivolous little never-still pink slippers chasing rainbows across the pine-floored stage without a vision of the brown-eyed boy that stood by the piano, adoring? And who can see Blanche stamping high heels in a very ecstasy of jazz and flaring against the sign-painted scenery in her cerise shawl, her black lace scarf, her saucy rose, without adding the tum-tum-shuffle of a thousand feet and the thunderclap of applause that brought her back again and again and again, with brighter eyes and pinker cheeks each time?

WHAT THE NAVY WANTS

What the Navy wanted, undoubtedly, was jazz—ginger—pep. Beauty? Ye-es. But first of all—go. Art? Maybe. But first of all and last of all that sentient thing called personality. Miss Evie wasn't young. But she told stories, she thrummed that guitar, she sang the sort of negro songs where you interject "Hallelujah!" or "Oh, ma Baby" and never miss a beat. She was what the Navy calls a coon shouter. But she was more. She was an artist. Yet it wasn't the art that took

the Navy. It was a little way she had of chatting while she pulled a chair out to sit on, a little way of beating time with her left foot, a little way of smiling over her guitar, a little way of quite taking for granted that the fortunes of the man who bet his money on the bob-tailed nag were quite as interesting to you as they seemed to her—a little way of choking up when you came back at her, twelve hundred strong, and simply roared for more about that "sinner a-settin' on the gate ob hell."

A great deal that "goes big" on Broadway would go bigger still in France. But a great deal more wouldn't go at all. For there's no scenery, no lighting, no orchestra, no chorus, no company, no time to do anything but jump in and



These blithe Ford-touring units of five are the mainstays of the League—company, scenery, costumes, "props," and baggage racing along the gullied roads from Hut to Hut



What can he find in his stocking so good as a real laugh? And how is he to get it without the League?

begin—and any show, any actor, any actress or singer who can't do without background won't do for France. The quality needed to spell "success" may and does occur in Irene Franklin. It equally may and does occur in the graduate from Yiddish repertoire on the Lower East Side. But without it, one may sigh in vain to serve.

On the other hand, France won't do for anybody, no matter how talented, how full of personality, who isn't able to cut baths to one in three weeks if necessary—and wash her own clothes in cold water. This on the honour of a last summer's recruit to the Over-There Theatre League, just returned.

All of which explains the fact that though the initial meeting of the League at the Palace Theatre last April contained everybody in the profession from George M. Cohan, up and down, practically all the people actually sent over have come from vaudeville, especially from the extreme and generous-souled left wing represented by the recruit already referred to who says she began her career by playing one-night stands in Texas at the age of six.

THE MEETING THAT BEGAN THE LEAGUE

E. H. Sothorn addressed that historic meeting at the Palace Theatre and prophesied this very thing from his own experience at the front. The boys wouldn't want Hamlet between bombardments, he said a bit sadly. They wanted—he didn't exactly say they wanted pink chiffons and coon shouters, but that was what it amounted to. And though the directors of the Over-There League are Winthrop Ames, Rachel Crothers, Walter Damrosch, Charles B. Dillingham, John Drew, Daniel Frohman, Joseph R. Grismer, Marc Klaw, Willard Mack, Lee Shubert, E. H. Sothorn, Augustus Thomas, and Francis Wilson, led off by George M. Cohan as President and E. F. Albee as Vice-President, the mainstays of the League in the field have been little girls like Stella, some of them with toes scarcely on the ladder of success. And when the twenty-fifth of December sees a red sun climb up over the hills, it will be the thought of these dauntless American girls that will draw tired men to—

It may be to a bridge with both banks lined with audience and Stella chasing rainbows along the coping. It may be to the top of a battered stone

wall with Stella begging a kiss for Cinderella through a yawning gap made by a Boche bomb. It may be to a window in a torn French street and Stella tickle-toeing in the shell of a gutted house. All these three stages served, one after another, for a unit that went over in the autumn. This unit gave fourteen shows in two days, on everything from a soap box to a railroad siding. Yet when they wrote home to James Forbes, of "Chorus Lady" fame, who recruits the volunteers for the Over-There Theatre League, assigns them to their units, arranges the routine of the performances, rehearses them, and finally sees them on their way, passported and uniformed and inoculated, they said that he'd been the greatest benefactor that had ever touched their uneventful careers and that they wouldn't exchange places with anybody in the United States. Neither would Mr. Forbes, by the way, although Winthrop Ames is authority for the statement that he's the hardest worked man in the League.

WHERE THERE IS ALWAYS A FULL HOUSE

You see, they're appreciated—heavens, how they are appreciated!

"When they enter a Division," says the Entertainment Director of the Sixth Region, commenting on another unit, "the General makes special plans for the men to get to the show; he sees to the band and has a stage erected in the most convenient gathering place. They have played to twenty thousand people in one day." Much as that means to actors who have put up with

so much inconvenience, it can't stand beside a letter like the one received quite unsolicited from a sergeant in the U. S. A. Ambulance Service with the French Army.

"Probably you good people at home don't quite know what a boon this sort of thing is," he says. "You would, though, if you'd listened for months to ambitious and well-meaning folks who love to recite 'Verdun' and other cheerful morsels, and whose idea of a rare treat is to sing consecutively the national anthems of the United States, Great Britain, and France—which, as you realize, does pall a bit. The only thing that ever saved us from the Italian's hymn is that it's too darned difficult for most singers to attack. When we were told that this first unit was merely the advance guard of a mighty army of real American actors, and had the meeting at the Palace explained to us, the boys yelled!"

You can see at a glance why there can't be anything elaborate in the way of scenery, and only the cleverest and most collapsible of "props." You can see, too, why the most popular teams of entertainers are likely to be those that call themselves by such names as "Just Home Folks," "The Shamrock Show," "The Dough Girls," "The Yankee Girls," "The Yankee Doodle Five." You can see, by the way, that five is the topmost limit for a unit, because company, scenery, costumes, "props," and personal baggage—to say nothing of the chauffeurs—must all pack securely into one trusty Ford. Speaking of costumes, the Y. M. C. A. provides the becoming blue uniform with its good-looking cape that all the women wear. This is for traveling and often for playing in as well.

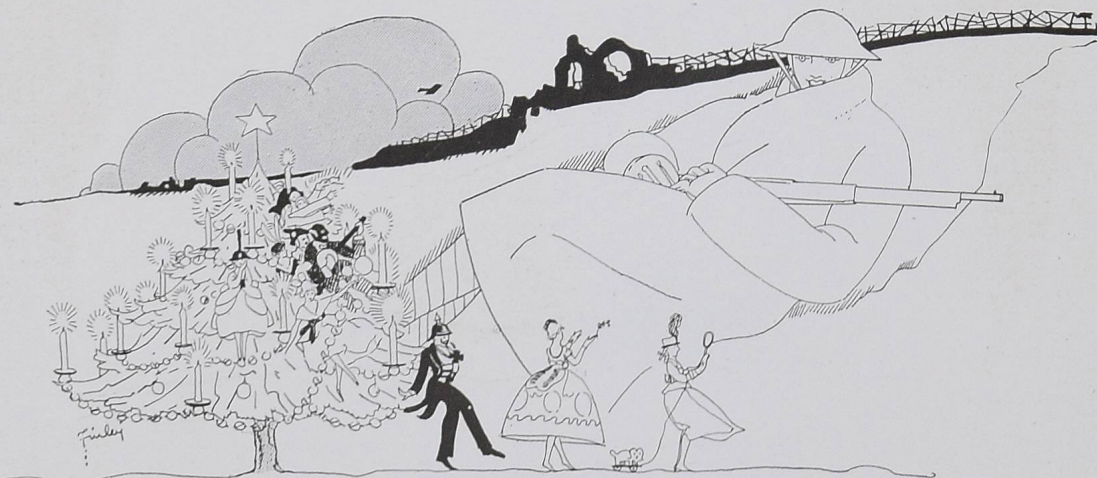
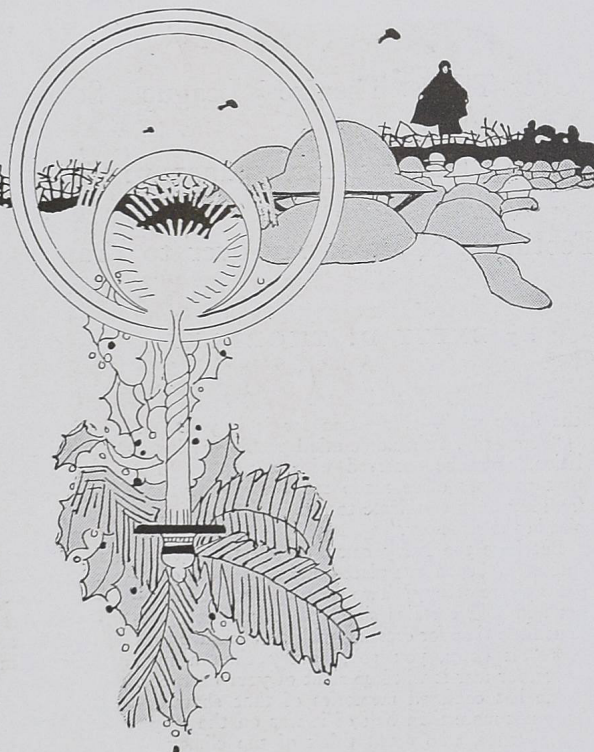
The limit of stage costumes is one ordinary evening dress. The Y. M. C. A. also pays all expenses from the time the unit leaves New York. Then the Over-There Theatre League steps in and gives to each performer two whole dollars a day salary, irrespective of what said performer happened to be making before enlisting. Some of them, by the way, classify in the fifteen-hundred-a-week list when they're at home. But when they reach France—one salary for all, and alphabetical billing.

A TYPICAL ITINERARY

"We were first located in a well-known American camp for four days," says one of the few men sent over by the League (a man, needless to say, who could serve in no other way). "Each night we went to a different place. The first two nights we had fine cement buildings that held nearly a thousand men, and the third night we went to a Polish-American camp and, as the hut only held a couple of hundred, we took the piano outside and gave the show for about seven thousand boys. It was one of the greatest sights I've ever seen.

"The other night we went to an advanced American artillery position a few kilometers from the front and had one of the most interesting nights so far. The Americans were brigaded with the Frenchmen forming a fringe on the outside and hanging all over the roofs of the adjoining huts. My piano stool was a good husky board standing on one end, and the Boche and French artillery gave me a real symphonic accompaniment. A little after we got under way three Boche planes came overhead to see the show, but

(Continued on page 93)



NEW YORK WEARS ITS HEART ON ITS SLEEVE

The Shop Windows on Fifth Avenue Are Filled
With the Toys of Convalescents and the Spoils
Of War, and Posters and Pictures Flare Everywhere



Mrs. William Woodward's hat of black velvet with its beaver brim supplements a severely simple tailored suit of gray cloth

STRANGE, indeed, are the new uses of the shop windows of Fifth Avenue. As extraordinary as the change that has come over the street itself and the crowds which pass over its long grey length is that which has taken place in the displays behind the great plate glass windows that front the Avenue. Of jewels there are still some to be seen, of porcelains and pretty clothes still bright varied showings, but interspersed with these and crowding them into the background are things altogether new to Fifth Avenue—things which cause the crowds to stand and wonder, to see strange places and to think strange new thoughts. First of all, there are the pictures and posters, many of them badly done, but now and then with a splash of paint red with the horror of war or white with the light of inspiration. There are toys and queer little trifles, tiny things childishly done, telling in every crude line of weak white fingers and minds groping back from dark ways. In one window, against the grey velvet curtain that has

formed the background for rare antique furnishings, the great black cross of a German airplane stands out. Banished are the solemnly correct furnishings of a haberdasher's window, and in their place is piled a battered collection of German trophies. The sweetmeat shops beseech the passersby to refrain from eating candies and point to businesslike tins of chocolates and bonbons waiting to be conveyed to men across the seas. Even the tiniest perfume shop or florist's holds out its hand for Belgium or for injured childhood, begging the chance observer to turn from the pretty things they offer to the pitiful things which they are trying to alleviate.

Day and night, the street is a panorama of compelling interest. The Fourth Liberty Loan set the flags a flutter from every window ledge and cornice, set the bands playing at every cor-

Mrs. Perry Belmont wears a high-crowned hat in taupe with an infinitesimal rolling brim and bristling pompoms of taupe feathers



ner, gave the available men of the Army and Navy occupation for their odd moments, enlisted the services of the Red Cross and the Ambulance Corps, of visiting Allies, and of ordinary everyday citizens. Two small shy daughters of Nippon, sometimes working in combination, but always escorted by one of Uncle Sam's soldiers or sailors, were among the most successful collectors for the loan. All vermillion and gold was the costume one of them wore the day she ventured forth with a blue-clad sailor. Aristocratically black was her kimono and that of her sister on a subsequent afternoon when a huge khaki-clad soldier accompanied them as they solicited bonds from the little booth before the Union League Club.

The pleas of one convalescent soldier were irresistible—to Mrs. William Goadby Loew, at least, as one can see from the photograph accompanying this article. Among the most enthusiastic workers for the Liberty Loan was Elsie Ferguson.

(Continued on page 88)



The Fourth Liberty Loan set the flags a flutter from every window ledge and cornice and made Fifth Avenue a panorama of compelling interest



When Elsie Ferguson spoke for the Liberty Loan she wore a gown of black velvet with a band of sable running down the front and a black velours cape



Every shop window on Fifth Avenue begs the chance observer to turn from the pretty things it offers to the suffering that every one is trying to alleviate



© Central News Service

Mrs. William Goadby Loew was one of the many Bond buyers who couldn't resist the convalescent soldier who offered such convincing argument for the Loan



Restaurant frocks have no difficulty in persuading us to wear hats in the evening when their suggestions take black velvet form and unexpected line. To the outer edge of this tempestuous brim cling two shaggy ostrich tips, clipped and uncurled, in unusual shadings of grey and black



Baron de Meyer

To be of brown silk beaver, to be crowned in kolinsky, and veiled about the brim with real Chantilly lace that falls below the shoulder in a long adventurous point that may be drawn across one's face—what more could a hat desire, except to know it was made by Maria Guy?

*These Picture Hats by
Waters for Afternoon
And Evening Wear Show
Many New Tendencies*

*Martha Hedman Shows
These Hats and the
More Elaborate Evening
Turbans at Their Best*



Just as we thought life was to be simpler, they've given us an evening turban of dull gold lace with two enormous black aigrettes at one side and loops of lace extravagantly long—immoderately Eastern, if one uses them as a veil, but quite as effective if one twists them into a scarf or allows them to hang freely in lissome undraped ends

(Upper right) Another version of the turban is in rose velvet, tight fitting, embroidered all over in twinkling sapphire blue bugles through which the rose velvet shines all the more subtly. There is a knot of the beads in front and a feather fancy of black burnt goose to give shading to one's audacious and quite charming colour scheme

The tailored dark brown silk beaver curve of this hat for evening is belied by the deep gold lace that drapes the under side and is caught by hand-made shell pink flowers of tiny beads. A seductive bit of brown tulle is wound about the crown and plays veil or scarf, as its wearer's whim dictates; and whims are many when the wearer chances to be Martha Hedman of "Boomerang" fame



THE FASHION FADS OF PARIS

IN every age fashion is characterized by certain manias. They tell us that, in order to be pale, the Romans drank infusions of cummin seed which was supposed to possess the attribute of making the face very white. In the eighteenth century, women forced themselves into hard stiff stays boned with wooden slats, and over them they wore huge paniers stuffed with horsehair. The beauties of Winterhalter walked in great hencoops which they called crinolines. In fact, fashion is an autocrat which only the strongest minded women seem able to resist, and the fourth year of the war brings a fad of its own to Paris, a fad for which we can see no motive except pure fancy. This is the fashion of cutting the hair short, a style which is becoming to few women over twenty-five, and not to many under that age. In certain parts of India cutting the hair is a sign of grief at the loss of one's husband. Can it be that, now that their husbands are all at war, women wish to be as unattractive as possible, and have therefore cut off their loveliest asset? Perhaps a more reasonable explanation is that their life has become so active, so full of sudden trips in ambulances, and engagements at hospitals and at all sorts of military organizations, that there really is not sufficient time for an elaborate toilet, and anything that simplifies life is welcome. However, many of the busiest women have retained their long tresses and solved the

The Short Hair-cut, the Enveloping Cape,
And Some Details on Evening Gowns, Oc-
cupy the Attention of the Parisienne

"All these women cut their hair to imitate each other." And, because she has a fondness for paradox, Jeanne tries to prove to me that there is nothing so exhausting as people who are "different"; both the woman who scorns fashion, and the original thinker who always opposes the majority. She claims that if people were all entirely different from one another, we should have to give far too much attention to each of them,

that we should have to make a great deal of every trifle, and that we should end by dying of bewilderment among so many different creations, costumes, and souls.

"Well," I answer her, "you run the risk of dying of laughter, anyway, when you meet Princess So-and-So, whose silhouette has widened with time, shopping for her daughter's trousseau, and see them both with cropped hair like two dear little schoolgirls. And I think you might grow exhausted if you tried to persuade Madame B., who is younger than the Princess, to be sure, but whose face is as thin as a hatchet, that it is not impossible, as she contends, to wear one's hair any other way."

IF THE SHORT HAIR-CUT STAYS WITH US

If the fashion continues in all its present virulence I really wonder whether, in view of all these Florentine heads, it won't be too great a problem for our dressmakers to create any new fashions at all. Only one style of costume, that



CHÉRUIT

Pale blue crêpe de Chine says many demure things on this frock with the naive neck-line and an original simplicity in its embroidery of alternating blue and white silk lines



CHÉRUIT

This unusual green evening gown,—of what Paris calls "twill,"—is embroidered with gold metal thread, trimmed with "girandoles" in light blue, dark blue, and brown beads, and has three trains of brown muslin that entangle the feet most bewilderingly

problem of looking neat by wearing a firm net which keeps every hair in place.

Why is it, then, that women insist upon wearing their hair in the style of "the children of Charles II", when they are no longer children themselves? I have an idea that it is on account of the sudden nocturnal descents to the cellar, to which we all became accustomed during the summer. Long hair would be apt to look rather wild, while short hair could be brought to order far more speedily. Possibly, also, now that the scarcity of hot water makes it impossible to wash the hair as often as usual, it is more sensible to have short hair which can be washed with much less difficulty. So scarce is hot water, alas, that a hot bath is no longer a daily possibility. There are only certain days on which one may have this luxury.

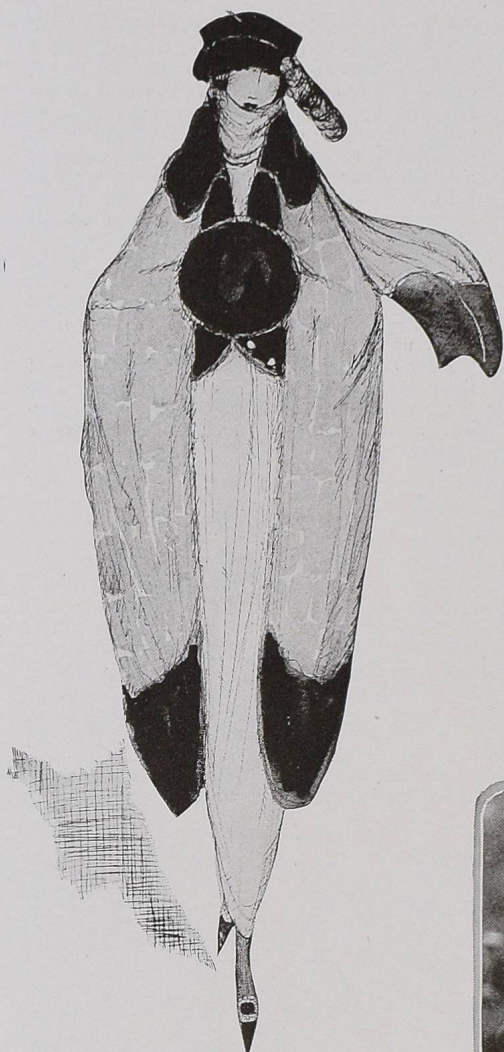
CONCERNING FEMININE REASONING

"Why on earth do you go so far afield for reasons?" asks my blonde friend Jeanne, who is more sophisticated and philosophical than I am.



CHÉRUIT

This afternoon frock of striped black velvet trims itself with "poulain," has a loose panel at the sides, and tucks its collar under its belt in a way that is altogether novel and Parisian. Its sleeves are long and its collar high, since coal is scarce



Madame Terrien has fortified herself against the winter with a cape of Siberian squirrel trimmed with contrasting fur. Her Maria Guy hat is of brown felt and velvet to match the bands on her tulle scarf

(Below) These two attractive bits of Parisian scenery are wearing "trotteurs" as chic as themselves. In the costume at the left, blue serge is a background for a white blouse, a white fox fur, white gloves, and white spats—with a patent leather belt and a "gendarme" hat of blue faille as the finishing touches. The black velvet costume at the right puts much of its smartness into the bottom of its coat, which is turned up like a wide outside hem. But still other reasons for the wearer's happy smile are the silver fox fur and the draped silver velvet "tiara" hat with its motif of jet stones



CHANEL

Mlle. Cécile Sorel has put her faith in Chanel, of late, and been rewarded by such intriguing things as this coat of black silk jersey and monkey fur. The Marie Louise felt hat, too, is trimmed with monkey



(Left) Mlle. Lancret believes, with most of the feminine world, that, after all, there is no friend like blue serge, and especially since it has adapted itself so well to such things as bands and a collar of beige tricot. Here it is a companion, too, for a blue velvet hat bordered with tulle, blue stockings, and dull blue buckled shoes—not to mention the medallion of brilliants on a black moire ribbon

(Right) That delightful actress, Mlle. Andral, wraps herself in this warm cape of buracotta "castor" trimmed with natural castor,—thereby winning, out-of-doors, much of the admiration which she wins within the walls of the Théâtre de l'Odéon. Her smart little hat of light velvet is lined with castor



of the fifteenth century, is really appropriate to these short tresses, and the couturiers' feeling for harmony may force them to gown all women alike. Then, large or small, thin or fat, women will have to go about looking like badly executed replicas of each other. Cutting one's hair is a rather irrevocable operation, and it behooves one to think well before going in for a fashion which one can not change over night.

Of course, mild crazes have always possessed us. Just at present, capes are the rage. Though they were introduced as long ago as last winter, women have taken them up again with enthusiasm. Each one, however, wears hers in her own manner. Last year the cape was merely a convenient wrap, but this year every woman seems to have worked out a type of her own which suits her silhouette. This is a very interesting departure, for a new mode is more apt to be uniform. The photograph of Mlle. Andral of



Henri Manuel

Monna Delza, one of the favourite actresses of Paris, realized the possibilities of a Courtisienne almond green cape with a collar and border of grey fur



PAQUIN

This coat of heavy wool velours yielded gracefully to the edict of the straight and severe line, but could not resist a trimming of otter fur, fancy buttons, and beige embroidery



PREMET

Black satin has done much for many gowns and here embroidery in "Sphinx" beads and a "Sphinx" bead girdle do much for black satin

the Ritz at tea-time. The cape, which was of either sable or of dyed squirrel, wrapped her in fur from head to foot and was rich and heavy, with a border of black fox. It was held on the shoulders by a waistcoat of the fox crossed in front. Before the door of her magnificent house, I happened to see Cécile Sorel, whose costumes are from Chanel, a house to which she has long been faithful. Her gown was of silk jersey, attractive in its simplicity, and the originality of the costume consisted of the arrangement of monkey fur which was used not only to border the tunic and the sleeves, but also to finish the neck and in the form of a muff, round as an apple and quite large, in spite of the effort to force little muffs upon us.

After capes, the next most popular feature of the moment is the big beret in black, brown, or taupe velvet—a fashion which every one is wearing. Sometimes it towers high above the wearer's



PAQUIN

When fashion chose the straight and narrow path this season, this obedient little dinner gown followed in silver lamé with drawn thread work and silver embroidery as its trimmings

the Théâtre de l'Odéon gives a good idea of the way in which the cape is worn. A very smart Parisienne is wearing one, made by Lanvin, of cloud grey woollen material with a voluminous collar of silver fox. At the back of the collar there is a fringe of grey chenille, hanging from a sort of trellis of passementerie in grey and falling so far down the back as to elongate the silhouette, giving a slender effect to the figure and following every movement of the body in walking. A hat of brown felt with an immense knot of brown tulle is a charming accompaniment to this cape. A third cape, which struck me as being very good, was worn by Madame E. Terrien at

head, and at other times it is more modest in size. Many women are carrying here in Paris the canes which they used to reserve for the beaches.

At Paquin's recently I saw the evening gown sketched at the right on this page. It is planned for a little dinner by the imagination of Mlle. Madeleine, of Paquin's. The foundation is silver lamé, and the only trimming is the lines of open-work running in different directions. The effect is very new and pleasing. The sleeve is worth noticing, with the top of the arm left bare and a novel arrangement of two bands of embroidery, an example of the delightful invention of our dressmakers.

SOME INTERESTING MEM-
BERS OF THE VERY YOUNGEST
SET AND THEIR MOTHERS

THESE SMALL PEOPLE ARE
AMONG THE VERY LATEST
ADDITIONS TO SOCIETY



Kazanjan

The very young man who is showing such an early interest in feminine adornment is the son of Captain and Mrs. Joseph Warren Burden, junior, and is photographed with his mother, who was Miss Margery Maude, the daughter of Cyril Maude, the actor. Captain Burden is in the Remount Department at Camp Dix



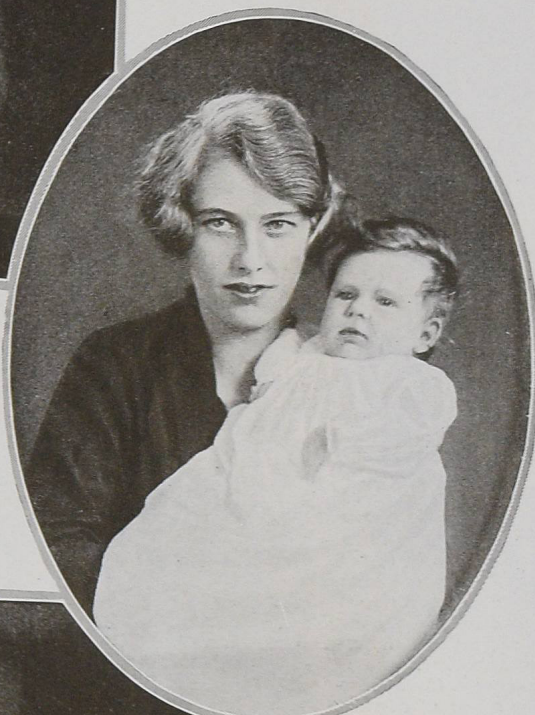
Marcia Silcox

The irresistible person who has captured Mrs. Angier B. Duke's whole attention is her second son, Anthony. Mrs. Duke was, before her marriage, Miss Cordelia Biddle of Philadelphia, the sister of Lieutenant Anthony Drexel Biddle who married Mr. Duke's sister, Miss Mary Duke. Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Duke deserted Newport, where they usually spend their summer, for Long Beach

Lieutenant - Colonel and Mrs. A. Perry Osborn are the cheerful background for this photograph of their two small sons. Mrs. Osborn was Miss Ann Steele, of Baltimore, and is a cousin of Mrs. Devereux Milburn, Mrs. Skiddy von Stade, and the Comtesse Jean de la Gize. Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn, the son of Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn and a nephew of William Church Osborn, is in France with the American Expeditionary Force



Bachrach



Walter Scott Shinn

Miss Sheila Devereux Emmet, the attractive young lady at the right of the photograph, is shown with her mother, Mrs. Richard Smith Emmet, who was, before her marriage, Miss Katherine Drexel Dahlgren, the daughter of Mrs. Drexel Dahlgren of New York, Philadelphia, and Lenox. Mrs. Emmet was educated in Europe and made her debut in Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Emmet are now at St. James, Long Island



(Below) This is another view of the new old-fashioned frock at the right. It shows the square panel which forms the back of the skirt, outlined with white grosgrain ribbon and a narrow pleating of the taffeta. Carlotta Monterey, who is playing in Clare Kummer's new comedy, "Be Calm, Camilla", is the charming wearer

(Below) A tailleur in navy blue serge has no trimming except two rows of black buttons down the back of the coat. The blouse is of white Georgette crêpe with a wide ruffle collar and cuffs. The small cloth hat, in a mustard shade, is trimmed with an ornament embroidered with dull gold threads and an alert brown feather



Baron de Meyer

Some people write poems, and some paint pictures,—and occasionally some clever person designs a dress like this, which is a combination of all the arts. Soft black taffeta is the theme, and the full skirt and tight bodice make that "table-bell" shape so becoming to the wearer and so charming to beholders. Three rows of black velvet ribbon trim the bodice, each fastened with a velvet bow and a cut steel buckle

POSED BY CARLOTTA MONTEREY

TAPPÉ PROVES THAT THE PIC-

TURESQUE AND THE PRACTICAL

MAY HAVE ONE CREATOR



SOME EVENING COATS DEPEND ON

CLEVER DRAPING, SOME ON UN-

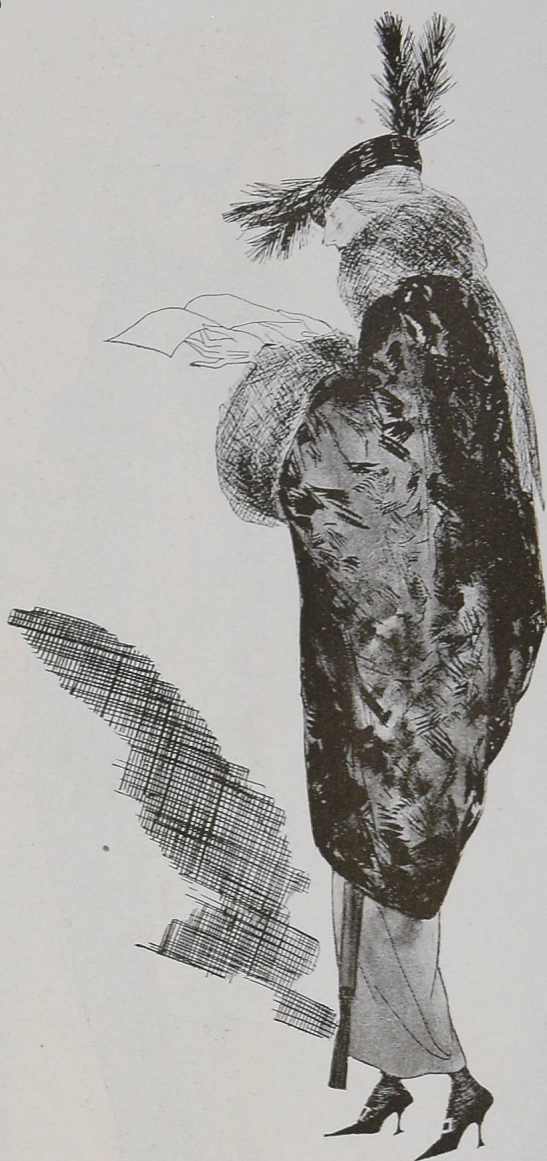
CLIPPED BEAVER, AND OTHERS

ON THEIR DOUBLE USEFULNESS

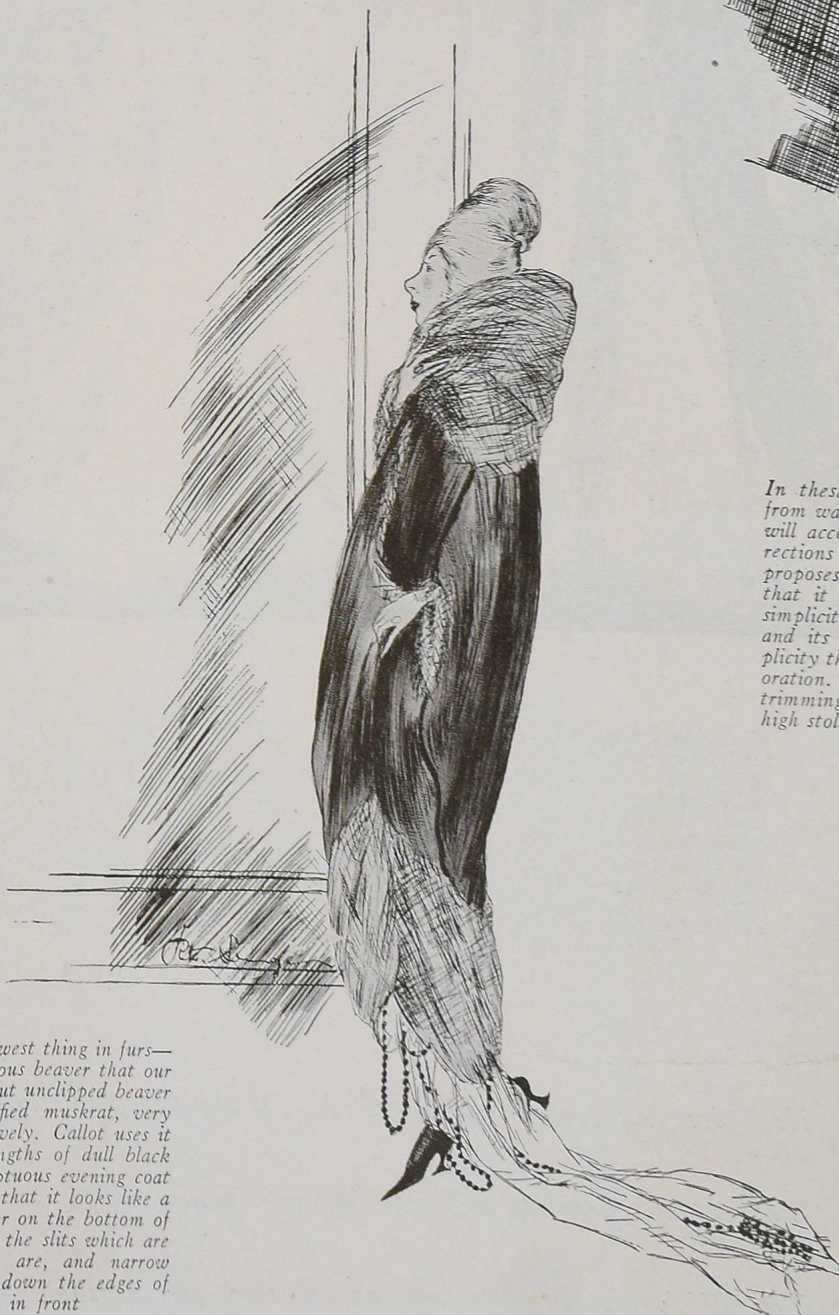
COATS FROM REVILLON FRÈRES



Worth has gathered all the wonderful cool blues in the world and put them into this luxurious evening wrap. The lower part is in sapphire blue velvet, imitatively draped; the upper part is in a lighter shade of blue trimmed with beads in embroidered bands—blue beads of every melting shade with just a touch of steel. From each wide sleeve at the cuff hangs a long tassel of fringe in a blue darker than the coat, and the high collar and the cuffs are finished with kolinsky



In these days when one rushes madly from war work to the theatre, coats that will accompany one suitably in both directions are greatly in demand. Callot proposes a solution in caracul, so soft that it drapes like velvet. The cut is simplicity itself with its cape-like line and its kimono sleeve—that artful simplicity that surpasses any amount of elaboration. One concession alone is made to trimming—there are cuffs of sable and a high stole collar thrown over one shoulder



Beaver is the very newest thing in furs—not the smooth decorous beaver that our grandmothers wore, but unclipped beaver that looks like glorified muskrat, very thick and soft and lovely. Callot uses it with slim straight lengths of dull black satin to make a sumptuous evening coat with a collar so high that it looks like a hood. There is beaver on the bottom of the coat, too, and on the slits which are all the sleeves there are, and narrow bands of beaver run down the edges of the opening in front



What though madame has insufficient coal for her furnace, she will have velvet and fur, for her home dinner gowns, and all will be better than ever—fur trimming, fur collars, fur sleeves, fur trains, and fur scarfs—the Middle Ages come again in opulence of material handled with a truly “fin de siècle” subtlety of line. The tea-cup lady on the left favours Batik velvet in copper and orange shades with a short train of pure lemon coloured velvet hung from her shoulders and bands of kolinsky around her neck and arms. The clinging oyster white velvet gown in the middle outlines neck, hips, and rumpled cuffs with narrow bands of soft brown sable. But the weary war worker with the cigarette can be content with nothing less than gold brocade lined with purple satin veiled in matching chiffon. The collar, sleeves, and slipper bindings are of skunk, and the long heavy tassels on the points of the usual side draperies are in gold.



Negligées Especially Designed by Helen Dryden to Give

Warmth and Comfort to Those Informal Hours When One May

Yet Wish to Be Dressed to Receive the Casual Visitor





The subtle creature at the left with eyes à la Chinoise dares emerald green and violet brocaded velvet with kimono sleeves very much draped but brought to snug wrists for the sake of warmth. Equally for warmth and effectiveness she has added a collar of kolinsky that winds about her slim neck and hangs to the floor in two slinky trains. Her friend with a blouse of black velvet embroidered in silver and a straight narrow skirt of light grey duvetyn. The bottom of the skirt has a facing of black velvet, embroidered in silver, that turns up in the front and forms an abbreviated train at the back. When one disentangles the curves of the gown on the right, it becomes beige velvet, wonderfully draped, with a surplice collar and train and sleeve lining of brilliant and supple leopard skin. Each of these gowns offers warmth and comfort and a restful informality



The Robe d'Interieur Permits One to "Dress One's Temperament" as One May Not Do in More Conventional Clothes
And Allows Fashion to Indulge in Art for Art's Sake



ONE OF THE NEW DETAILS OF

FASHION IS THE VERY BLOUSY

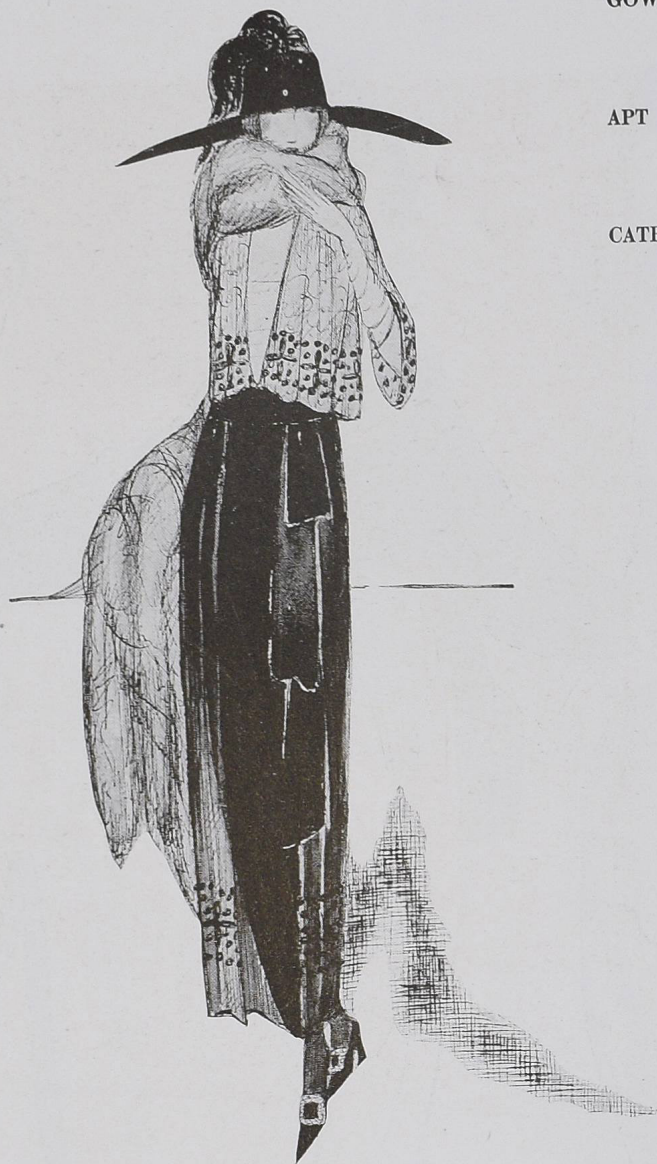
AND VERY INDEFINITE WAIST-LINE

MODELS FROM REDFERN

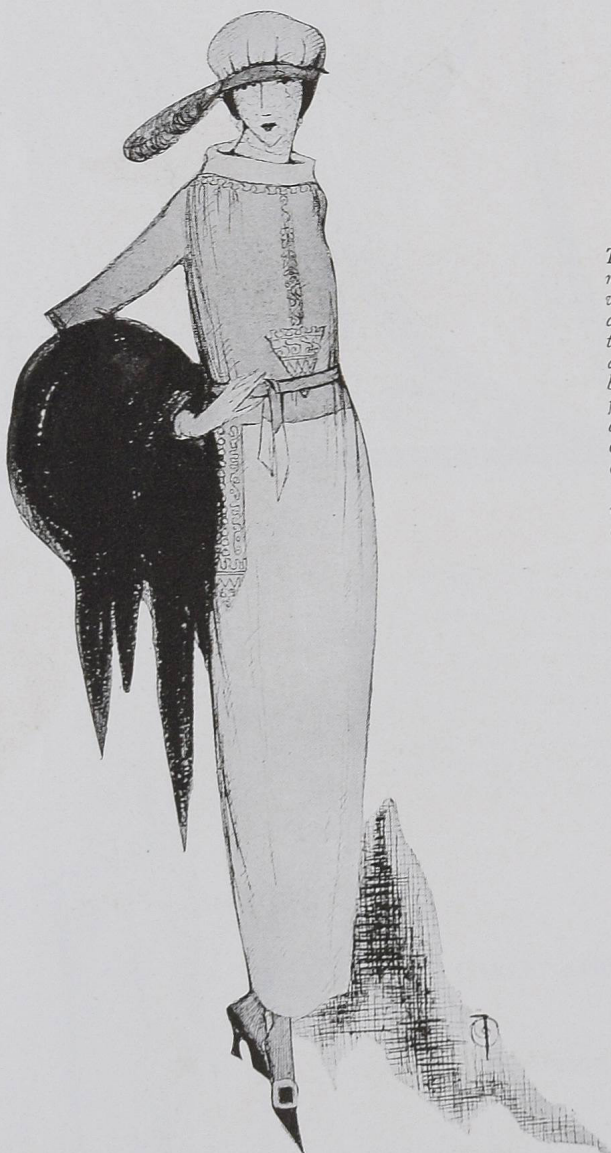
GOWNS FOR DAYTIME WEAR ARE

APT TO HAVE A LIGHT AND DELI-

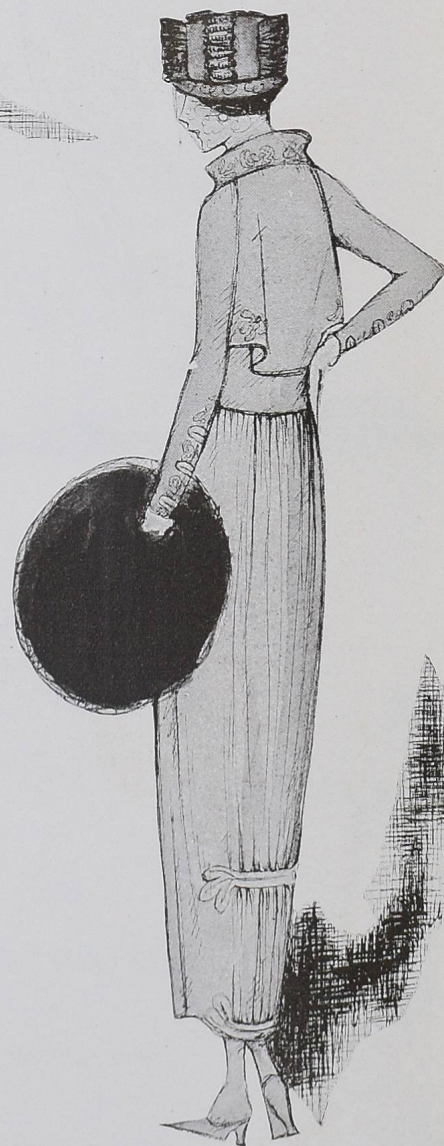
CATE TOUCH OF EMBROIDERY



This afternoon gown forgot all about the mode of severity and expressed itself in wonderful black Chantilly lace embroidered in jet. The bodice has a foundation of pale flesh chiffon veiled in the lace and is cut in a deep V with a decided blouse at the waist. This long baggy effect is one of the strong fashion tendencies. The skirt is of black satin with an overskirt of the lace, and there is a belt of black satin that loops over at one side. The whole costume reaches the height of its loveliness in the sprays of clipped ostrich that trim the large black satin hat



(Left) There are many novel things that a chemise dress may do, but none more charming than this young girl's gown in a deft combination of rose and grey basket weave homespun. The upper part is in the rose, while the skirt and collar are in pale grey. Rose braid and grey thread embroider the bodice and the two long pockets that make decided points of being new. A grey hat and a rose feather give the last touch of jauntiness and youth



(Right) Since this one-piece dress was in a tailored mood, it took a fancy to chocolate brown duvetyn—that material with a genius for street frocks. The result was a rather tight bodice relieved by a quaint section that resembles an Eton jacket with a collar embroidered in beige and brown wool and silk. The skirt is shirred at the back and the fulness is held at the bottom by cord ornaments. With this gown is worn a mushroom turban of dark brown velvet trimmed with soft wide puffs of grosgrain ribbon



DEMMEVER

A

Baron de Meyer

One need no longer envy the Navy its capes if one has seen this coat with a cape from Thurn. Its three charms are jauntiness, warmth, and novelty, for the cape is cut on straight narrow lines, with one point slipping through a slit at the other side and pulling around the neck. Naturally, when a cape is of wool, its most becoming companion is a navy blue felt turban with pheasant feathers at one side

(Left) The designer cleverly put the fashionable long lines into this simple one-piece dress of beige crêpe de Chine and navy blue tricolette. A panel of the crêpe de Chine is used back and front, and the sides are entirely of the tricolette. Sufficient unto the gown are the lines thereof,—hence no trimming is used other than a most unusual collar that softly drapes across the front, ties itself in a knot at the back, and hangs in long loose ends; gown from Boyd

(Right) This one-piece dress chooses white pepper duvetyn for its material. In style it is a very wearable and distinctive frock, without trimming and with a severe round neck slit at the front and held together by two brown wool buttons. Tight sleeves, a long waist-line fitted with a crushed girdle, and an underskirt boasting a tunic that begins at either side of the front, all achieve the trim slender silhouette. An untrimmed hat in black satin antique completes the effect by turning up abruptly at the face; gown from Boyd

NARROW SILHOUETTES AND SEVERE NECK-LINES ARE THE

CARDINAL VIRTUES OF MANY TAILORED FROCKS



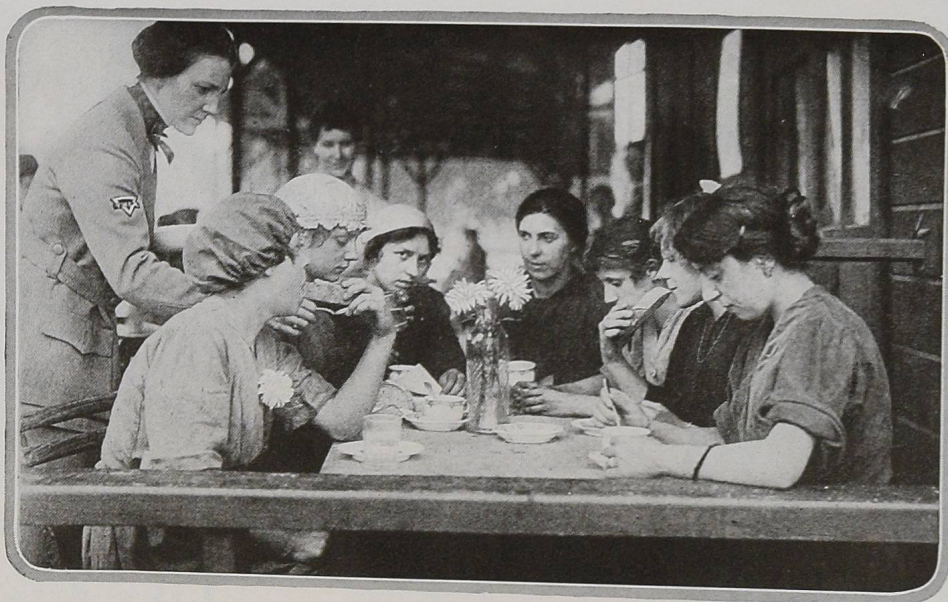


Ellis, Paris

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE

This photograph of Miss Elsie De Wolfe, in her garden at Versailles, was taken during one of her brief holidays from her hospital known as the Mission de l'Ambrine, now established at Aumont, Oise. The former home of this Mission, at Compiègne, has been destroyed by

German bombardments. Miss De Wolfe expects to return to America soon for her first holiday in eighteen months. She writes, "I wonder what Hindenburg thinks now of the army that couldn't swim and couldn't fly, but which has gotten here just the same, and in time, too!"



From five in the morning till nine at night these French girls make the shells which help the poilus halt the Hun

THESE ALSO FIGHT FOR FRANCE

LUCIENNE also died for France. She was just nineteen—so young to die. But when one is a refugee from the invaded country, one doesn't care much about death. A shell slips from one's fingers—one's dress catches fire—pouf! It is all over but the hospital for an hour or so, and then the priest in his black robes, chanting. One is lucky to have a funeral.

One hears much about life in the trenches, if one is an American, and very little of life in the towns, those black towns behind the lines where the *ouvrières* live to make and fill shells. Life is strange and terrible and very dreary in the black towns. Old women, young women, mothers, and wives, and pale orphans like Lucienne—they work all day and never see the sun, or else they work all night. Why not? The *poilus* never rest till there is no fight left in them. And how can the *poilus* fight if that long stream of shells is stayed for even an instant?

THE GRIM WORLD OF THE "POUDERIE"

As for the *ouvrières*, they look so old, so old. Many of them are nineteen, like Lucienne, or even younger. But the war itself ages one, and the hours—up at five and home at nine. And the lack of food, or time in which to cook it. The subtle poison atmosphere of the munition factory does the rest. Girls who work on powder rarely last more than a year.

In this grim unimaginable world that has taken the place of the France they loved, there is just one spot where the *ouvrières*, numb with weariness, can go and find peace, and comfort, and cleanliness, and hot coffee, and a real smile. That is the *Foyer des Alliées*, the canteen for Frenchwomen managed by the American Young Women's Christian Association.

At Lyon in the *Pouderie* there is a mixed babel of tongues. Frenchwomen of all degrees of *patois* work side by side with Cingalese and Annamites. Aside from superintendents and overseers, the only Frenchmen in the vast black buildings are convicts. Is it any wonder that when the *Foyer des Alliées* opened its cheerful doors one drizzly night, two thousand curious and tired and skeptical women poured in? They couldn't believe it at first, that any one from that peace that dwells beyond the sea should come willingly to the black towns. Imagine courage that is so fine that it has lost all realization of itself—that is the courage of the *ouvrière*. She doesn't seem to see what she has done for us—holding the Hun back with frail hands all these four years. She only sees what we do—the coffee, the warm room, the smile.

"Will you not bring the picture of your mother to the *Foyer*?" one of the women said wistfully to a young secretary. "I would like to see her.

The Y. W. C. A. Comes into the Grim World

Behind the Lines Where French Girls and

Women Put Their Lives Into Munitions

To have been so gracious as to send you to us!"

"A place to write a letter in a spare hour, a cup of chocolate or coffee when you are hoarse with the cold," so runs a vignette of a typical *Foyer* sent home by one who used her eyes and her heart in describing what she saw. "A cosy chair and a magazine in front of the fire when you've burned your foot with the powder and are not working that day, a book to read in the *dortoir* before going to sleep, a bit of music after a long day's work—all these are to be found at the *Foyer des Alliées*. A woman going back to her home in the south of France with the money so hardly earned last winter said to me, 'At first I didn't care how soon I went. Now, with this (the *Foyer*) I shall be sorry; one can laugh here.' She was one of those who found an easy chair in front of the fire a pleasant place to knit the blue socks for 'him'—wool for which she had obtained at the lowest possible price through us."

A PLACE WHERE ONE MAY LAUGH

"The women who come are strangely courteous and responsive," another secretary says. "They have philosophic, if not cheerful faces. After their meal, they work with their yellow hardened hands on the most beautiful and delicate embroideries or laces, or on homely stocking darning which they do exquisitely, all the time listening to an English class or to singing."

It seems so pathetically little when one thinks of what France has done for us, and yet the *poilus* write home that they feel much happier now that they know there are fires and cheerful corners and cushioned chairs for their wives and their sisters—and not just the cold that bites to the soul and the long dark streets.

The *poilus* aren't the only appreciators. Monsieur Clemenceau himself it was who suggested the opening of a similar *Foyer des Alliées* for the seventeen thousand women workers in the War Office at Paris. On the Rue Solferino just where it is crossed by the Rue de Lille, in one of the most aristocratic parts of Paris, the American Y. W. C. A. has been given charming quarters for their club rooms—white painted rooms with bands of gold. The white is the loveliest of old ivory done by Time himself, and the gold is a colour of indescribable shadowings. With this dignity and delicacy of an older day as their keynote, the sec-

retaries have made a War Office *Foyer* that means much to the beauty-loving Frenchwomen, so many of whom had never known the hard lines and the pitiless lights and the vast disillusion of business until the war came.

But long before the American "Y. W." moved into the Rue Solferino it was in Paris doing things for Frenchwomen. The first club was formed—as always—among the neediest class of working girls. It opened with a membership of seventy-two, and offered classes in dressmaking, stenography, gymnastics, English, bookkeeping, and choral singing, the dues for everything to be fifty *centimes* a month. The Committee had decided not to begin any class without a registration of fifteen.

The first dressmaking class met—or rather it entered, and stood, and kept entering, and standing until the rooms and the halls were jammed with three hundred eager little students. Half of them had to be sent home to come again next week, but the American teachers set bravely out with the remainder, in nowise daunted by the fact that they were instructing under the very shadow of *la haute couture*.

THE "Y. W." IN PARIS

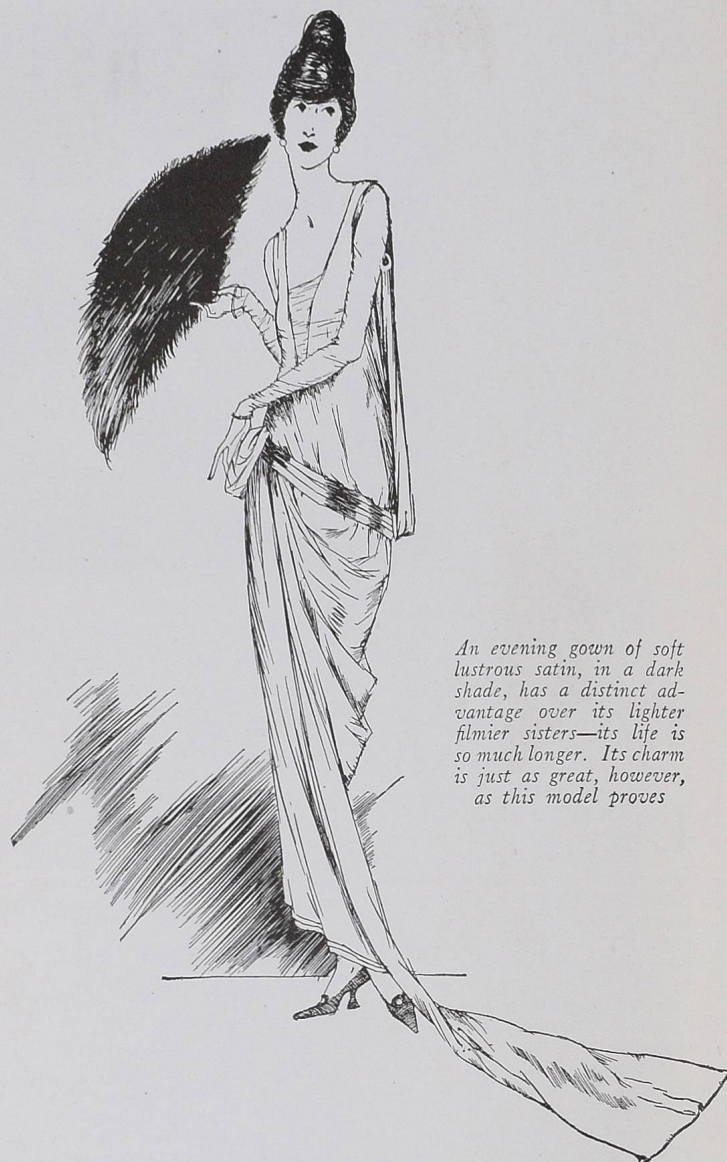
Wherever the "Y. W." hangs out its sign, English is the preferred course. In Tours, the secretary assures us, almost the whole feminine population wants to sing "Over There" just as Georgie Cohan wrote it, and not in the spirited translation. In three weeks' time five hundred women—workers all—signed up to study English, and forty-two classes were in session in August with more to follow. The same eager curiosity extends to all things American. What does the American girl look like at home, in her clubs and classes, in her sports, and in her every-day life? What does she wear when she drops that most becoming Y. W. C. A. uniform and pours tea? This demand for accurate copyable information is so keen and so universal that the secretaries over there appeal constantly to the Y. W. C. A. headquarters at 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City, for pictures—snapshots, posters, anything at all that will visualize American girls to French girls. The small collections of pictures now in the various club rooms and *Foyers* are being worn out by passing from hand to hand.

But all the "Y. W." work in France isn't done for Frenchwomen. Three great classes of American women are now working in France—nurses, telephone girls and stenographers, and canteen workers attached to the various war organizations. As the "Y. W." itself says: "Red Cross nurses marching down Fifth Avenue arouse the greatest enthusiasm in the crowds that watch

(Continued on page 89)



It's a wise woman that chooses black velvet for her evening gown, for no material is lovelier, more becoming, suitable for more occasions, or more certain of retaining its prestige through several winter seasons



An evening gown of soft lustrous satin, in a dark shade, has a distinct advantage over its lighter filmier sisters—its life is so much longer. Its charm is just as great, however, as this model proves

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

THIS season there has been an unexpected demand for evening gowns. Shop after shop has remarked on this rather surprising state of affairs. It would seem, with posters and flags reminding us constantly of war-time economies and with most of our "young America" fighting in foreign countries, that first of all the gowns to be discarded would be the evening gown. Never before in history have there been so many difficult positions to be filled by women—positions that demand hard strenuous work and call for the most practical type of clothes. For day-times, stiff, almost mannish, tailor-mades have been necessarily most in demand.

A reaction is the natural result. In the evening the hours of relaxation mean more than they ever did before, and quite naturally woman turns her attention to the most feminine of all clothes, the evening gown.

The majority of these are very simple in line and quite simply trimmed, and the result is charming. Some of the materials are run with handwork, such as embroidery in beads, tinsel, silk, braid, appliqué flowers, and fur, giving a most elaborate effect. However, the simpler effects in velvet, satin, silk chiffon, and net are preferable. These are durable, and if chosen in a quiet colour will retain their charms through several seasons.

There is no material quite so lovely for an evening gown as black velvet. A gown of this soft wonderful material is the saving grace of more than one woman, especially when her wardrobe is limited and her income reduced by the war. The sketch at the upper left on this page

Simple, Practical, and Charming Designs
For the Evening Gown Which Is So Pleasant a Contrast to the Clothes of War Work

illustrates how charming a gown may be when black velvet is used. The very new and smart bodice has the low square neck-line in front and a certain degree of snugness at the waist. The skirt is made in two parts, with a tight underskirt and an overskirt of the velvet that runs to a long square train at one side. Skunk fur finishes the bottom of the skirt and the long silk voile sleeves. The voile, over flesh coloured tulle, fills in the bodice at the front, and there is a narrow belt of velvet ending in clipped velvet fringe which marks the long waist. This gown was designed especially for the mature woman.

Satin in soft lustrous quality is also used for evening gowns, and in the darker shades, brown, black, taupe, navy blue, and plum colour, it has none of the harshness of the lighter shades. This material is wonderfully pliable and has unusual draping qualities. A charming gown developed in satin is shown in the sketch at the upper right on this page. The long-waisted effect is outlined by a stiff band of satin which lies in folds across the hips. A panel that hangs from either shoulder tucks in under this band, and the lower part of the dress drapes up to one side. A deep "V" at the front of the gown has a tendency to lengthen

the lines. This design is suggested in taupe satin with the panel and train lined with gold tissue, and the long tight sleeves finished with the faintest piping of gold. The bottom of the skirt also has a narrow piping of gold. This design will be copied for \$115.

A gown of velours with all the quiet dignity which this material gives, is shown on the sketch at the upper left on page 53. A

soft pliable velours in a peculiar shade of yellow—a shimmering green gold—has been chosen, and the classic ornament at the front is in silver tissue. A narrow girdle of folds of silver and apple green tissue marks a slightly Empire waist-line. The skirt is draped to give the effect of being quite narrow. This is a design in which almost any shade of velours might be used. The effect is quiet and dignified, and the style will remain in fashion through several seasons. Another advantage is the fact that this gown is equally smart for almost any age.

Silk net in a deep ivory colour over ivory silk is used in the charming design at the upper right on page 53. This frock is quaint in style, with its deep collar of net, its fluted ruffle at the bottom of the over-tunic, and sleeve ruffles finished with narrow bands of apricot silk. The tight underskirt is also finished with a band of the silk, and the bodice is fitted into a wide crush girdle of the net outlined with ribbon bands. The long sleeves are transparent, and a full over-tunic gives a last touch on this lovely gown. The freshness, the crispness, the discreet use of colour, and the quaint trimming go far to



Velours for evening wear is having a well-earned war-time popularity—it is so quiet, so dignified, so durable, and so becoming

make this one of the most desirable gowns of the season.

For the past season, chiffon has been very popular with old and young alike. Some of the colours are very lovely, whether vivid, such as geranium red, or soft and dull, such as fog blue. Gowns of this graceful fabric were worn for dinner and dancing; they were untrimmed, with the exception of a narrow ribbon girdle in a harmonious colour or in silver or gold, and possibly a small corsage of hand-made flowers in colours used as a finish to the girdle. The chiffon was usually draped over a soft satin. So successful was this type of dress, that it is again making its appearance, especially in frocks for young girls.

In the sketch at the lower left on this page, that mysterious shade of blue violet chiffon, the exact shade of violets, is used over charmeuse in the same colour. The simplicity of the bodice is typical of these gowns; it is made with two soft layers of chiffon draped over the arms. The skirt is undraped, and at the waist a soft puffing of the chiffon is used, giving the thick effect sometimes obtained in a blousing bodice. This effect is very new. The puffing of chiffon is run with violet ribbon faced with silver grey, and at the front, double bands of the ribbon are knotted and allowed to fall in long ends. It is difficult to find a more practical dress, and one that is so lovely, as well.

Very much after the lines most favoured by Lucile is the gown shown in the sketch at the lower right on this page. This model combines lines that are quaintly reminiscent of the Directoire period with lines that are delightfully modern. It is in pale peach faille with silver fringe and narrow silver braid as trimming. The bodice is partly fitted and has sleeves that puff at either shoulder. The faille hangs in long panel trains at either side of the skirt over a tight underskirt of silver tissue, finished with a border of tucks at the bottom. This dress could be carried out with equal charm in panne velvet.



A delightful contrast to the tailored day-time clothes of the war worker is this quaint frilly frock of silk and shimmering net



(Left) There are few fabrics that dare compete with chiffon at a dance. In spite of its filmy qualities, it wins its way to popularity with the aid of naught but a bit of ribbon

(Right) These are the lines most favoured by one of our best couturiers—this combination of other times and modern tendencies. And can one wonder when the result is so distinctive and yet so practical an evening gown?

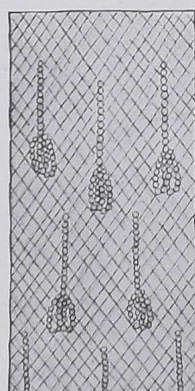
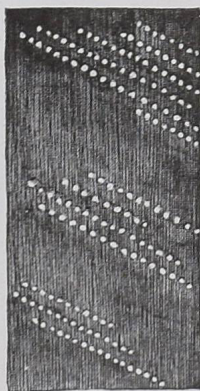
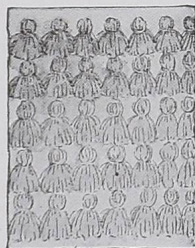


TO OVERCOME THE HANDICAP OF A
LACK OF FIGURED MATERIALS,
PARIS EMBROIDERS, TASSELS, OR
BEADS A PLAIN FABRIC AND THUS
AGAIN MAKES MANIFEST ITS GENIUS



We always expect this dancer to have unusual gowns, and so we are not surprised at this dress in taupe chiffon, trimmed with narrow bands of wool embroidery in the same shade. Bands of white satin are used at the neck and to finish the sleeves, while a wide band of the satin is veiled with chiffon across the front. As for the over-tunic, thereby hangs many a fascinating little tail, for it is finished with a solid deep band made of wool tassels that at a distance resemble fur. The delightful fabric thus evolved from a plain material is shown below

Note: Florence Walton's personal wardrobe comes from Premet this year and was especially designed for her, in the most unusual materials, by Mme. Renee. Fabrics this season, including even the wool materials and gauze, are trimmed and decorated in distinctive ways, in some instances. Lovely patterns are worked on the flat material by hand, so that the effect is of brocade or spangled cloth. Beads, silks, wools, and braid are used to achieve this desirable result. The making of these elaborate all-over embroidered materials has a double purpose: to produce variety in the midst of a monotony of plain materials (all that the looms have been able to turn out this season), and to give work to hundreds of otherwise idle little sewing girls



An afternoon frock was never more of a success than is this unusual costume in black silk jersey, trimmed with embroidery done in rain-drop streaks in red, white, and tan crystal beads. The medium low square neck is left severely plain and unfinished, while the waist-line is marked by a narrow belt in solid bead work. The two tiers of the underskirt and the bottom of the sleeves are of the plain black silk jersey

This dancer's evening gown is as lovely as ripples of deep sea green net run with tiny tassels in crystal beads over a foundation of white silk could possibly make it. The skirt is slightly draped, and the draperies are finished with bead fringe. Neck-line, sleeve bands, and girdle are in silver gauze, picot edged. All in all, the gown is one shimmering tissue of green and silver, filmy and graceful as an evening gown ought to be

CLUB OFFERS HOSPITAL-

ITY TO GREENWICH VIL-

LAGE ART [STUDENTS

DECORATIONS BY MURIEL DRAPER



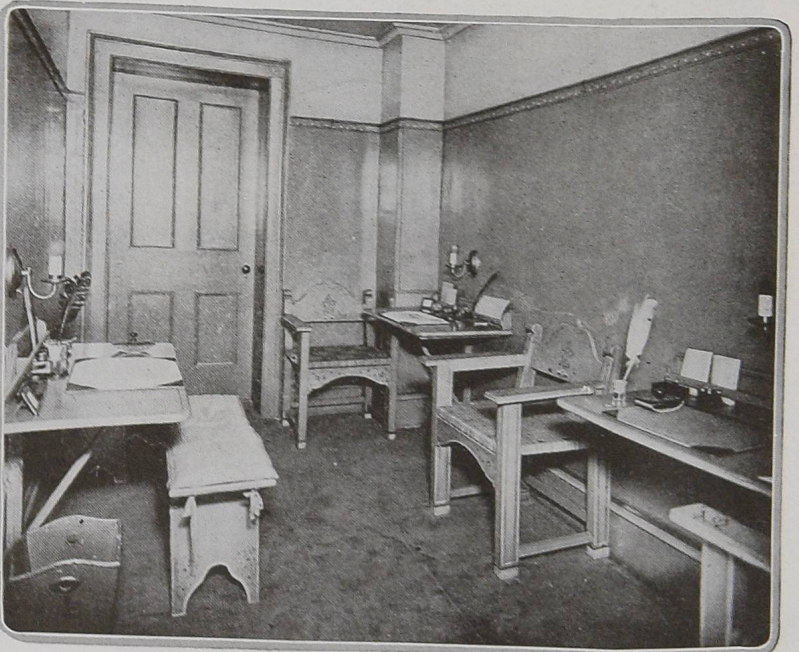
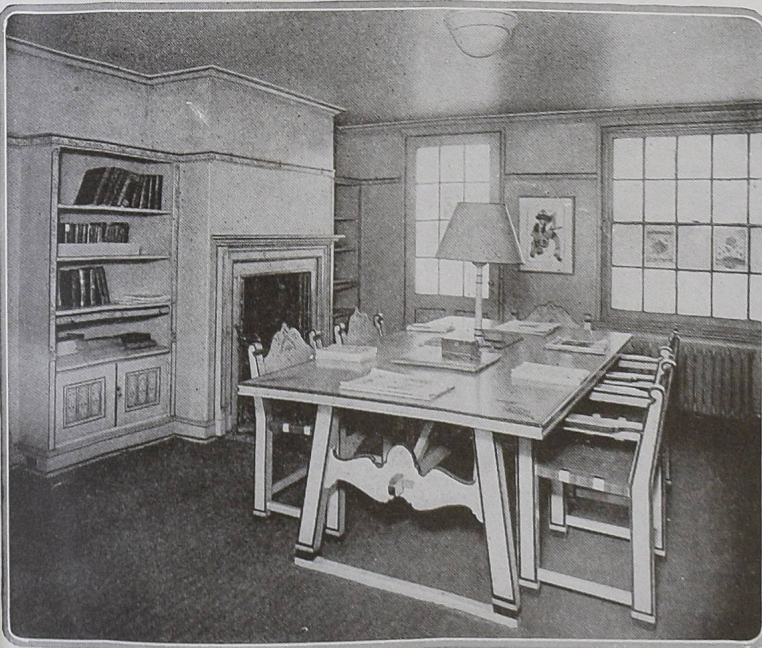
The very office of the Whitney Studio Club shows that it was made by and for artists. Its walls are turquoise blue, its carpet striped in sapphire and red violet. The curtains are of sapphire sateen lined with pale green yellow silk and bound with scarlet cord from which the eye passes to a scarlet table with a gay border of fruits and flowers. The benches are scarlet, orange, and pale green yellow with sateen cushions of red violet and sapphire bound with scarlet and turquoise tape. The ceiling is the colour of a pale yellow sunset

The walls of the library are grey with a border of scarlet and blue and yellow. The tables, too, are grey, outlined with a scarlet design that hails from Greenwich House, and they stand on a carpet of rope along with the grey chairs with their seats of blue and scarlet webbing. One might not know it from this little vista, but the library is very well stocked, indeed, with everything that the art student needs

MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, well-known as a patron of art, is that rare and wonderful person—an artist with money. She doesn't have to dream on paper. She says, "Let there be a Studio Club," and there is a Studio Club that is just what a Greenwich Village Studio Club ought to be, from office to exhibition room. This last is always full of ambitious canvasses, for the Village is ambitious to a degree undreamed of by uptown New Yorkers who, if they wanted to exhibit and had anything worth showing, would never hesitate for

lack of the wherewithal to hire a room. A room, however, is all that the Village ever lacked, and now it has one that costs nothing but club membership dues which are very moderate indeed, but which support its needs. There is a library, too—the only one downtown, and a great time-saver to those who live far from Forty-second Street. Here the current magazines may be seen and the illustrations duly criticized. And, in the writing-room, great and glorious ideas may be put into permanent form between orange walls on a sapphire blue carpet.

The primary colours unite in a writing-room where the walls are orange with a small design in blue and scarlet as a border. The carpet is sapphire, the benches are orange with cushions of scarlet sateen, the desk fittings are scarlet and blue. The chairs with their interesting blue webbing seats and sturdy orange lines were made from designs by M. de Faulla of Greenwich House by boys of that settlement



THE RESIDENCE of
ALLAN LEHMAN,
Esq.
TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

JOHN RUSSELL POPE,
Architect

An interesting feature of the meadow front is the rather original conception of an oriel chimney carried on a projecting corbel of stone moldings. A sundial, set in the upper part of the chimney, has been computed to register hours and quarters accurately



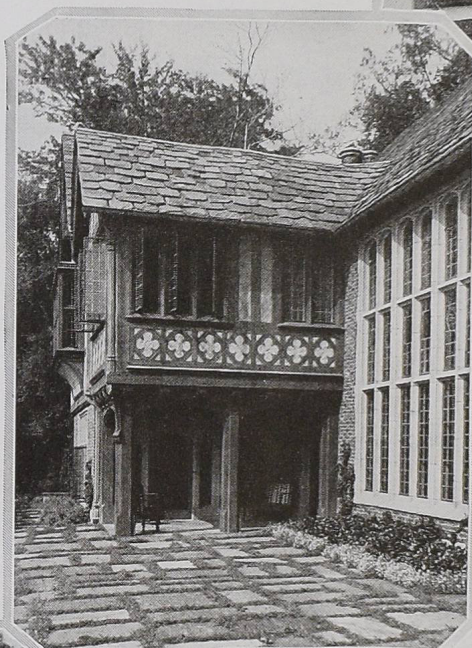
Gillies

In the design and execution of the library the architect has used mellow old oak paneling walls, originally in a Jacobean residence and readjusted to new conditions, and an ivory ceiling molded from original casts of old work. Furniture by Schmitt Brothers

Brick and wood, stone and slate, stucco and leaded work have been made to produce what the architect wished—the old world charm possessed by such historic Tudor houses as Compton Wynyates in Warwickshire and Ockwells Manor in Lancashire



While a part of both, the dining room porch is a happy transition between house and terrace. A sleeping porch with rows of casement windows is above. The tall windows locate the great hall, an interior view of which is shown on page 31, the feature of the plan



The dining room is unusual in being a true replica of 15th Century English Gothic. It is copied from an old house in Somerset and is done entirely in antique colored plaster. The furniture is original 16th Century examples. Schmitt Brothers, decorators

The forecourt is a veritable library of Tudor architecture—a small entrance with low pointed arch, leaded casements, walls of stucco-filled half-timber, rough brick walls with random stone ashler and quoins, stair tower, rough slate roof and brick chimneys





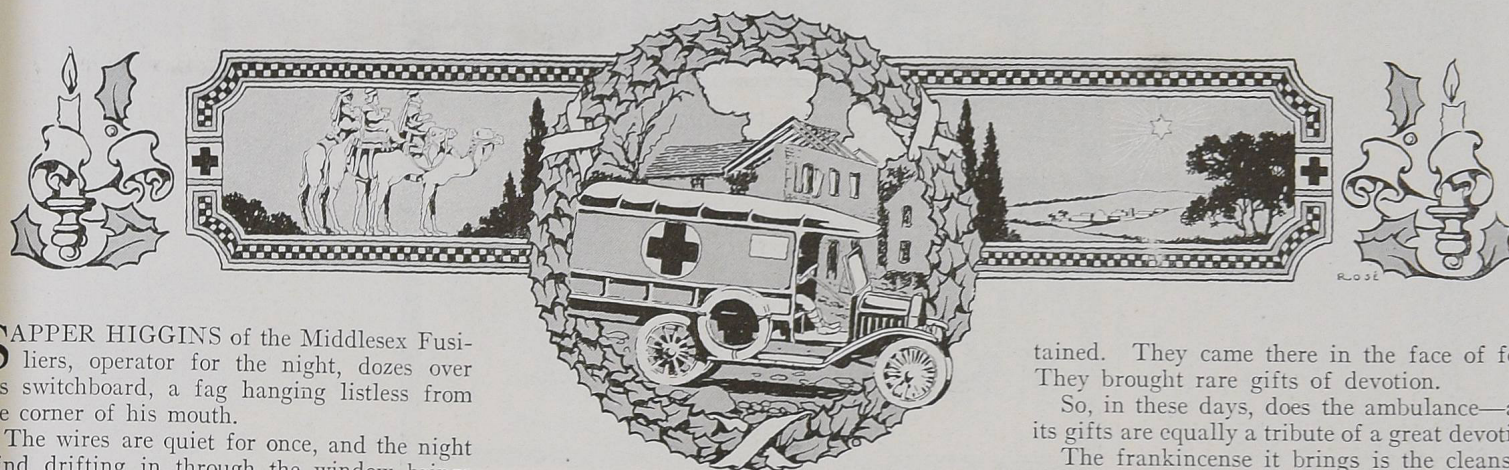
Gillies

A HOUSE BY *the* SIDE of *the* STREET

Next to a house by the side of the road comes a house by the side of the street—a house set close to where men pass and repass on their various occasions. Here is one—the residence of Arthur F. Elliot, Esq., at Fieldston, New York City—which stands close to the lot line, with only a narrow grass strip and a privet hedge separating it. Walls are of cream stucco, trim of chestnut stained

brown and the window frames and sash are painted different shades of brown to give color variation. Three shades of brown shingles comprise the roof. Blinds are pale bluish green with black strap hinges. The brick corbelling around the windows is of different shades of red, the joints matching the stucco in color. Dwight James Baum was the architect of the house

THE AMBULANCE THAT WENT TO BETHLEHEM



SAPPER HIGGINS of the Middlesex Fusiliers, operator for the night, dozes over his switchboard, a fag hanging listless from the corner of his mouth.

The wires are quiet for once, and the night wind drifting in through the window brings little sound. Ten days ago the line drove north, and the chorus of the guns has died down to an intermittent thudding. Occasionally a motorcycle darts past the hospital, its cut-out sputtering furiously. A sentry, pacing along the cobbled pavement, stops now and then to challenge a late passerby and make him take to the other side of the road. Sick and wounded men must be quiet.

Higgins walks dreamily to the window and looks up at the silent stars. From the horizon behind the lines streams a great light, that momentarily grows brighter.

"Can't be a fire. Too 'igh fer a fire. Must be Northern Lights or somethin'."

Suddenly the bell jangles. He steps back to the switchboard. A raw-voiced lieutenant is on the wire. "Ambulance to Post No. 7. Case at the inn."

Wires flick and flash. Higgins repeats the message, then leans back in his chair.

Outside, the hum of a motor rises and dies again as the ambulance shoots through the gate and is lost in the plunge down the shell-pitted road toward Post No. 7.

An hour later it creeps back. Higgins watches it sway into the yard. The sentry at the gate turns to see what poor devil is being brought in. A sister comes out to the car, her white veil fluttering in the night wind.

On the front seat by the driver sits an old man. The driver helps him down, while the sister looks in at the *blessé*. Finally they bring out—walking, and radiantly beautiful—a young girl and in her arms a new-born babe. A light dances about them. It throws a rosy glow over the white-habited nurse and fills the hospital close with an unearthly beauty.

They pass indoors.

The light settles in arc within arc of filmy incandescence about the hospital. A solitary palm that bends above the low roof is bathed in it; the very sparkle of the stars dwindles behind its resplendent aura.

From his vantage in the window Higgins calls down, "I sy, Bill, wot abaht it?"

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"That there."

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THERE is a subtle relationship between the Wisemen who padded slowly across the desert and the ambulance driving furiously down the dark road. The Magi pursued their way until the object was at-

tained. They came there in the face of foes. They brought rare gifts of devotion.

So, in these days, does the ambulance—and its gifts are equally a tribute of a great devotion.

The frankincense it brings is the cleansing spirit of mercy to friend and foe alike, a rare odor of unbelievable loveliness that arises from the reeking pit of this war whenever tenderness is shown to those sorely stricken, homeless and in great anguish.

The myrrh it brings is the stern exertion—bitter to endure—with which men are snatched away from annihilation and given the will to live, the weary rested and made joyful, the desolate made strong to go on with their burdens when, to most of them, death would be a welcomed release.

The gold? That gold comes from your purses, American people. It signifies that you, who enjoy nights of silence and safety, count no sacrifice too great so long as it maintains those agencies of mercy that cluster beneath the Red Cross—nurses who worked fearlessly amid clamorous suffering, doctors who rarely knew the refreshment of sleep, drivers who took their ambulances where Hell was and through bestial darkness.

ALL ambulances go to Bethlehem, and all carry these same gifts. Some ambulances are trucks with food and clothes and medicines for refugees. Some carry bricks and timber for new houses. Some bring dentists and shower baths and soap and soft things for little children to be wrapped in. Some ambulances enter plague districts.

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"HEY! Ho!" Sapper Higgins yawns and slides from the chair as his relief comes in. "Bloody long night. Guess I'll look abaht the ward 'fore I turn in." And stepping through the door he beholds a strange sight.

From the other end of the ward comes a girl of unearthly beauty; in her arms a babe that sparkles like a great jewel. On

either side, in serried rows, range the cots with huddled figures thereon. As they pass, the maiden and her child, the figures move, stretch, sit up. Pale faces turn to the light and take on its color. Weak arms draw from it strength. A heavy perfume drowns the stench of ether that creeps in from the operating room, and fills the ward with the scent of many flowers. Sweat of suffering fades from brows. Cries of pain hush, and those in anguish smile content. There is a soft rustling as of many wings and the faint echoes of a song.

"Gawd!" exclaims Sapper Higgins.

It was merely the nurse walking up the ward.

CHRISTMAS EVE

*Our hearts to-night are open wide,
The grudge, the grief, are laid aside:
The path and porch are swept of snow,
The doors unlatched; the hearthstones
glow—
No visitor can be denied.*

*All tender human homes must hide
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*Let empty chair and cup abide!
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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



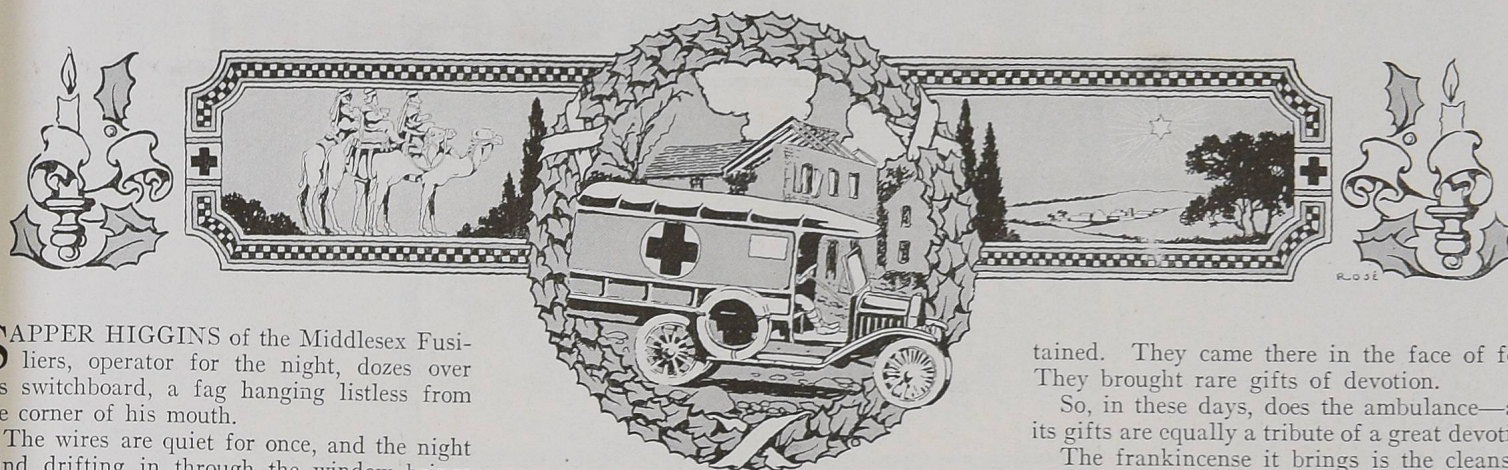
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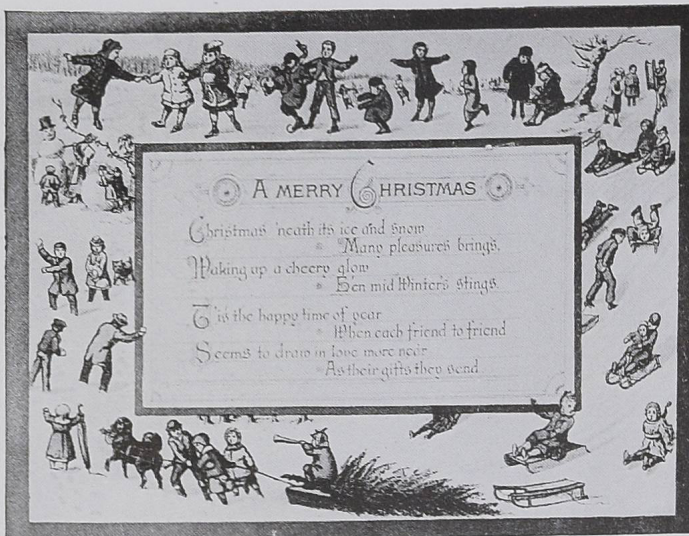
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Doubtless you recall this card. It is of American make and was issued for Christmas, 1879

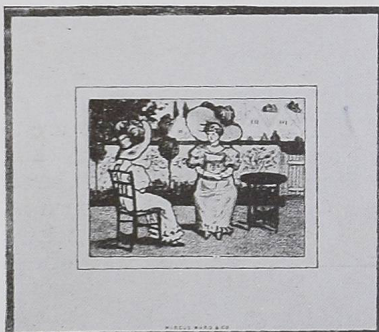
THE STORY of the CHRISTMAS CARD

*From Out of England—Not From Germany—Came a Custom
Which Furnishes Collectors a New Subject*

GARDNER TEALL

ONE might imagine that the Christmas card is an institution whose origin is at least as old as pictorial printing. Book-plates, playing cards, *cartes de visite*, in fact, almost all sorts of cards were in vogue some hundreds of years before anyone appeared to think of producing Christmas cards, at least the printed pictorial ones that have come to be so familiar to us and so inseparable in our minds from the thought of the holiday season.

Learned bibliophiles and enthusiastic print-lovers have unearthed several very early woodcuts to which they have ascribed a greeting purpose. But it is unlikely that greeting cards were in use as Christmas cards before the 19th Century, although an artist-engraver



A Kate Greenaway card of Christmas, 1881



By Kate Greenaway, for Marcus Ward & Co.



English Christmas card designed by Frederick Mason for private use



An 1880 card by Kate Greenaway

An 1893 English card by S. Thompson

Raphael Tuck and Sons' 1881 card



would, now and then, issue a birthday card or, perhaps, a new year pictorial greeting.

I suppose Charles Dickens did more than anyone else to create the atmosphere into which the true and cheerful Christmas card was introduced, an atmosphere that fostered and encouraged the lovely idea. Prince Albert is credited with introducing the Christmas tree into English homes and the Apostles of *Kultur* have yearned to make us believe that "Made in Germany" appeared on the first Christmas

cards, merely because that unfortunate legend has appeared on some of the later ones. As Germany borrowed her art and her science from other countries—she is welcome to her philosophy!—so too did she borrow the idea of the Christmas card from England, and in other of its forms

INTERIOR DECORATIONS THAT SOLDIERS LIKE

The Colors and Furnishings Used in Hostess Houses, Soldiers' and Sailors' Clubs, Canteens and Huis

EMILY BURBANK

DECORATORS and furnishers, like architects, now plan with regard to both war needs and war incomes. They came head on against this situation when at the full tide of carte blanche orders to meet peace conditions. The shock was bewildering. But instead of checking the imagination of the creative, new brain cells have opened up and a flock of ideas—beautiful and practical—are let loose every day.

The magician wand has been stern utility, emphatic elimination of all but the essential, and a censored budget for outlay when the work to be done was the interior decoration of rooms used for the refreshment of our fighting men.

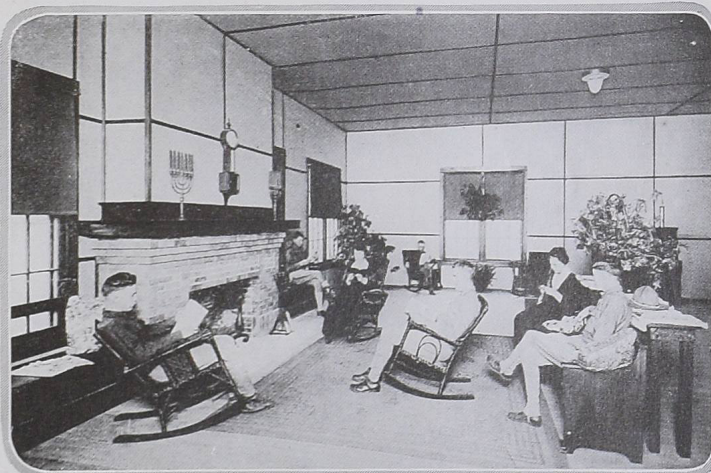
Decorators' Service

Decorators, being also patriots, at once agreed to small commissions, some indeed giving their services free, counting it as a part of their war work. The immediate reward awaiting them was the unexpected possibilities for interesting line and color, suitability and durability, within the restrictions imposed by war.

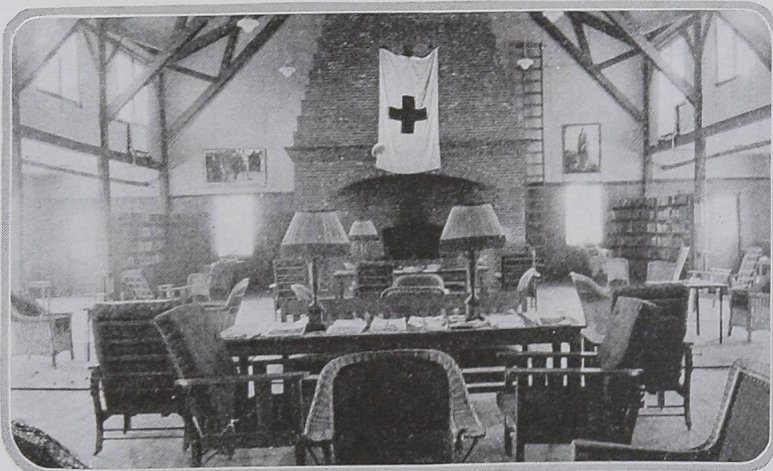
These classes of buildings for the refreshment of soldiers and sailors awaited decorative skill. There was the "hut," quickly thrown together within some zone of intense activity, demanding no cluttering frills within or without. This type of emergency building was put up at the front by the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and Salvation Army, of boards,



The Eagle Hut in Bryant Park, N. Y., is in blue and gold, with Windsor chairs and Swiss reed. Mrs. Albert Herter, decorator



At Camp Travis, Texas, the hostess house living room has walls of wall board and strips



The Red Cross Building at Camp Upton has silver gray woodwork, gray furniture, green cushions and curtains, green and yellow rugs



Comfortable chairs are appreciated by the men and their guests. This is the other end of the Red Cross living room. Louise Edey, decorator

canvas and sheets of corrugated iron.

To speak of interior decoration in such cases seems absurd, yet as a matter of fact, it was experiments tried in canteens and rest houses in the war zone that first proved the value of this art even under fire.

Color and the Men

Early in the war, Red Cross National Headquarters received letters telling how whitewash and gay paints applied inside canteens and rest huts acted as a tonic on the jaded senses of men coming out of a region of smoke and dun colored earth.

Color!

Color! It was color that they craved!

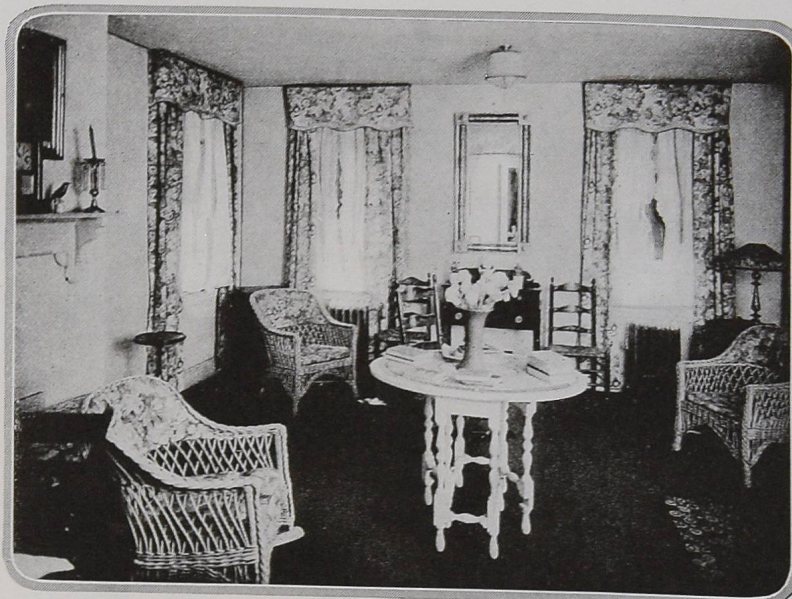
Someone discovering this and believing in its power, and the suggestion in design, had made

the experiment. Great sunflowers, flaunting reds and greens, crude drawings of various sorts were dashed off on the walls, the idea being to suggest cheer, diversion, and relaxation after the depressing strain at the front. It met with immediate success. The soldier himself gave out the verdict, "Dress up the rest hut!"

It is easy to believe that those in charge found it great fun trying to do an elemental decorative stunt under fire when the jury was to be worn poilus, Tommy Atkins and later the Yanks. A light in the eye, a faint smile or cheery slang for approval, coined in the trench, and hurled back over his shoulder as the man went



Blue furniture with beige walls in the United Service Club, Philadelphia. Mrs. Woods, decorator



Wicker and chintz were pleasantly used in the mothers' sitting room of this service club

out to continue the march, were tokens by which every decorated hut and canteen knew that it was to "hang on the line."

When America went into the war and training camps were dotted over our land, there were added, in addition to the temporary buildings for the diversion and refreshment of the men, hostess houses near at hand for the purposes of accommodating friends and relatives of the men who had occasion to visit them.

Hostess Houses and Canteens

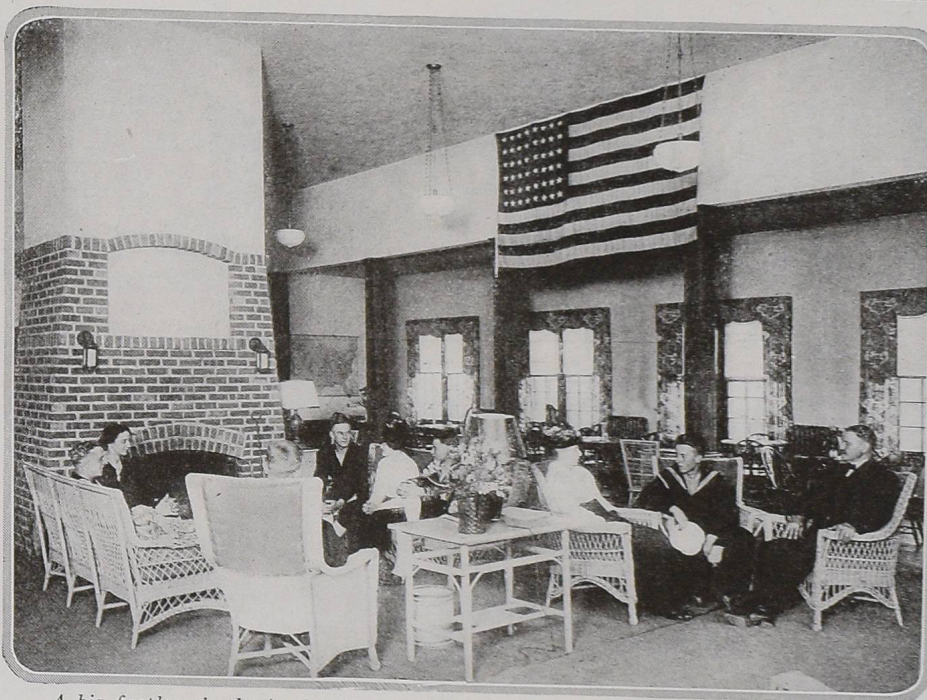
In those cases, where the hostess houses (planned for meeting places for soldiers with families and friends) had been built previous to the war and for private use and then adapted to the new need, because they were houses and not huts, it is a simple thing to make them look like homes.

This second class of refreshment station for men in the war often included canteens and soldiers' and sailors' clubs of every description as well as convalescent houses.

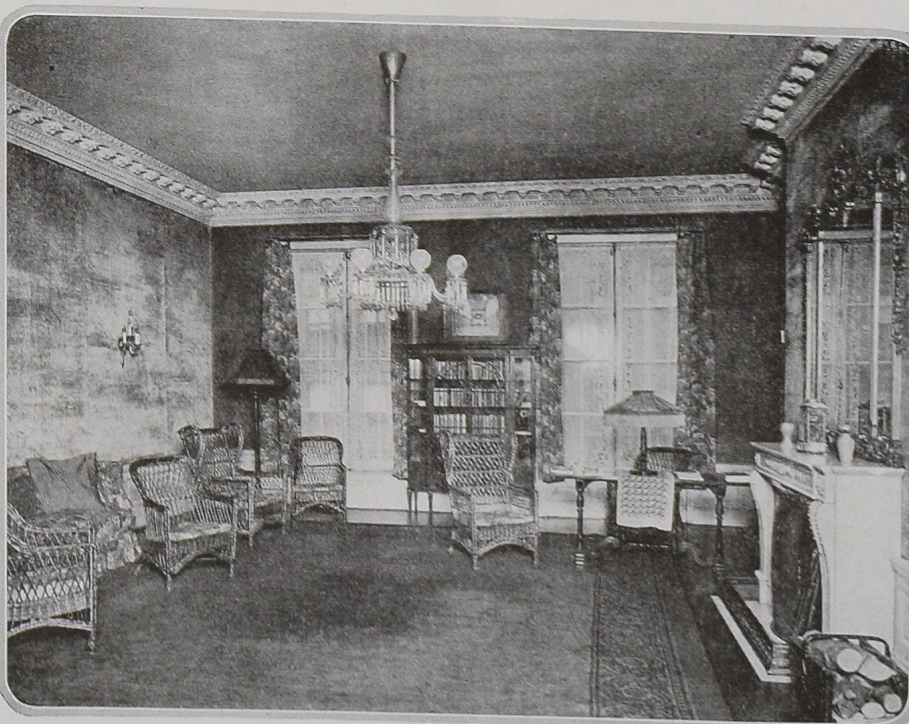
Here we enter the usual realm of flowering chintz, colored sun-proof materials, simple scrim, painted furniture or natural wood and cane, pictures, cheering china and appetizing glass.

The decorator can really do something under these conditions.

It is what he has done at the camps, and outside



A big fireplace is the focal point of all hostess houses. This is at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Ill.



The living room of the Y. W. C. A. hostess house in New York was made over with comfortable wicker

them, in temporary buildings that surprises us most. For example, one decorator, a woman, who did the Red Cross Convalescent House at Camp Upton, L. I., furnished the invalids' bedrooms and two or three others for the visiting relatives of men in the hospital with white iron beds, white enamel chiffoniers, chairs and tables, blue and white rugs and simple scrim curtains. The important point was to keep it hygienic and inexpensive. This was done, and at the same time a delightful result obtained.

A Red Cross Building

The same decorator's treatment of the living room in this Red Cross building was both appropriate and attractive. Its interior woodwork and the furniture were of silver gray; rugs gray with faint yellow pattern; curtains of pale green sun-proof; chair cushions a dark green denim; lamps antique green iron; the lamp shades deep rose-red, edged with fringe of stem green. The strong brilliant notes of color were contributed by war posters held to the walls with silver gray moldings.

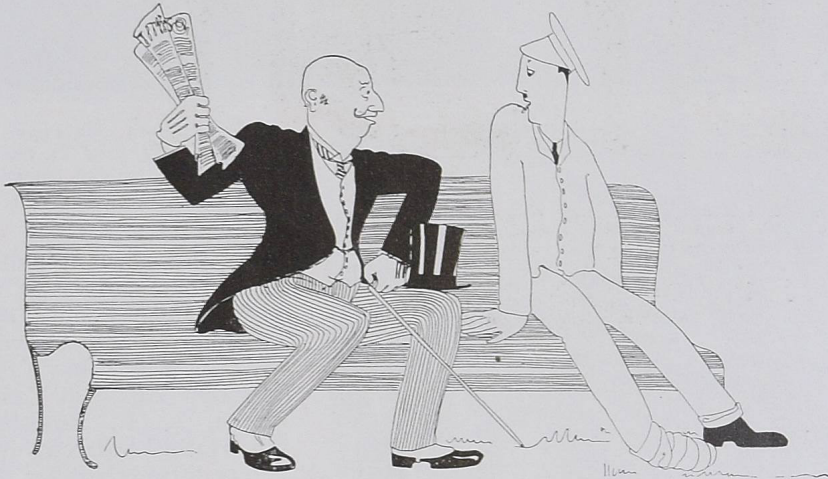
This decorator was asked to supply china glass trays, kitchen utensils, etc., the quantity designated for this convalescent house being enough to supply a dozen people. She also selected the oil stove used for cooking. We mention this fact since it is sometimes forgotten.

How to Entertain Wounded Soldiers

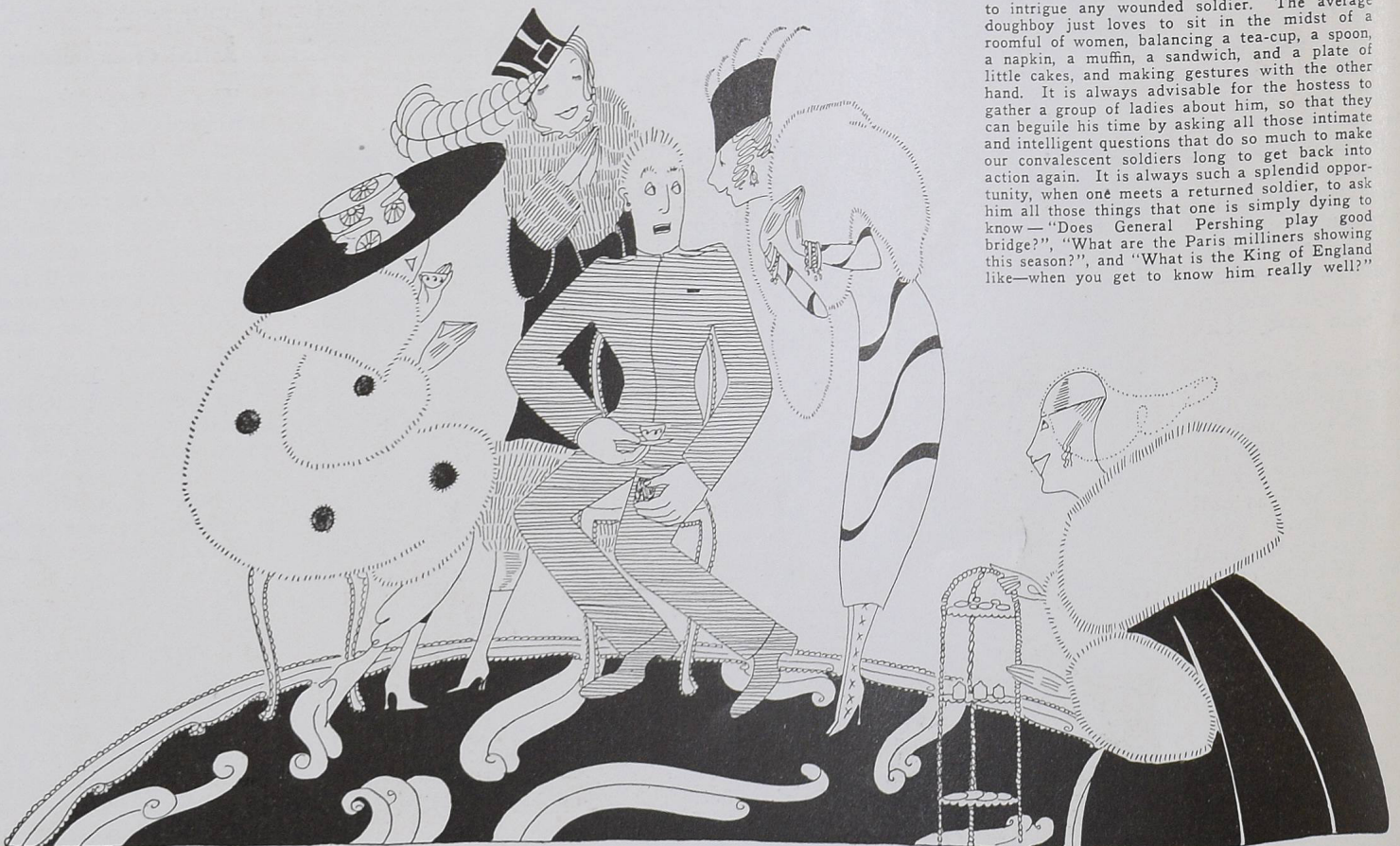
*Innocent Fun for the Men
Sent Back From the Front*

Sketches by Fish

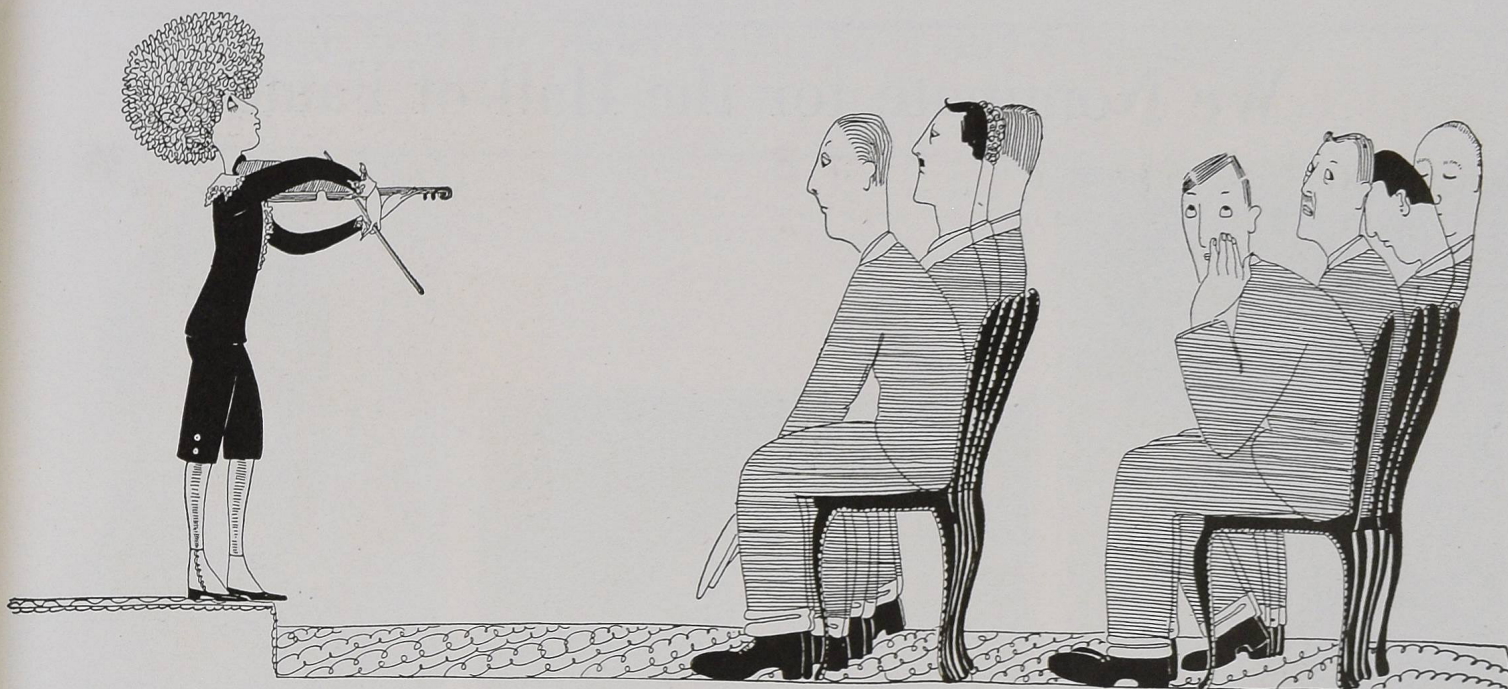
Almost any wounded man would greatly appreciate being taken to the opera—those whose idea of great music is something that you can whistle, would be particularly delighted at the opportunity of hearing some little four-act trifle by Rimsky-Korsakoff. There is something about sitting, for three hours, in a parterre box done up in gilt and red plush (like a Pullman porter's dream of Heaven), and being surrounded, on all sides, by over-upholstered dowagers, that would surely appeal to every red-blooded doughboy. The opera chosen should not be of the milder variety; something good and heavy should be selected, so as to elevate the boys' standards of music. This scene shows two convalescent heroes having a wild time at the opera, the occasion marking their New York debut, in operatic and social circles



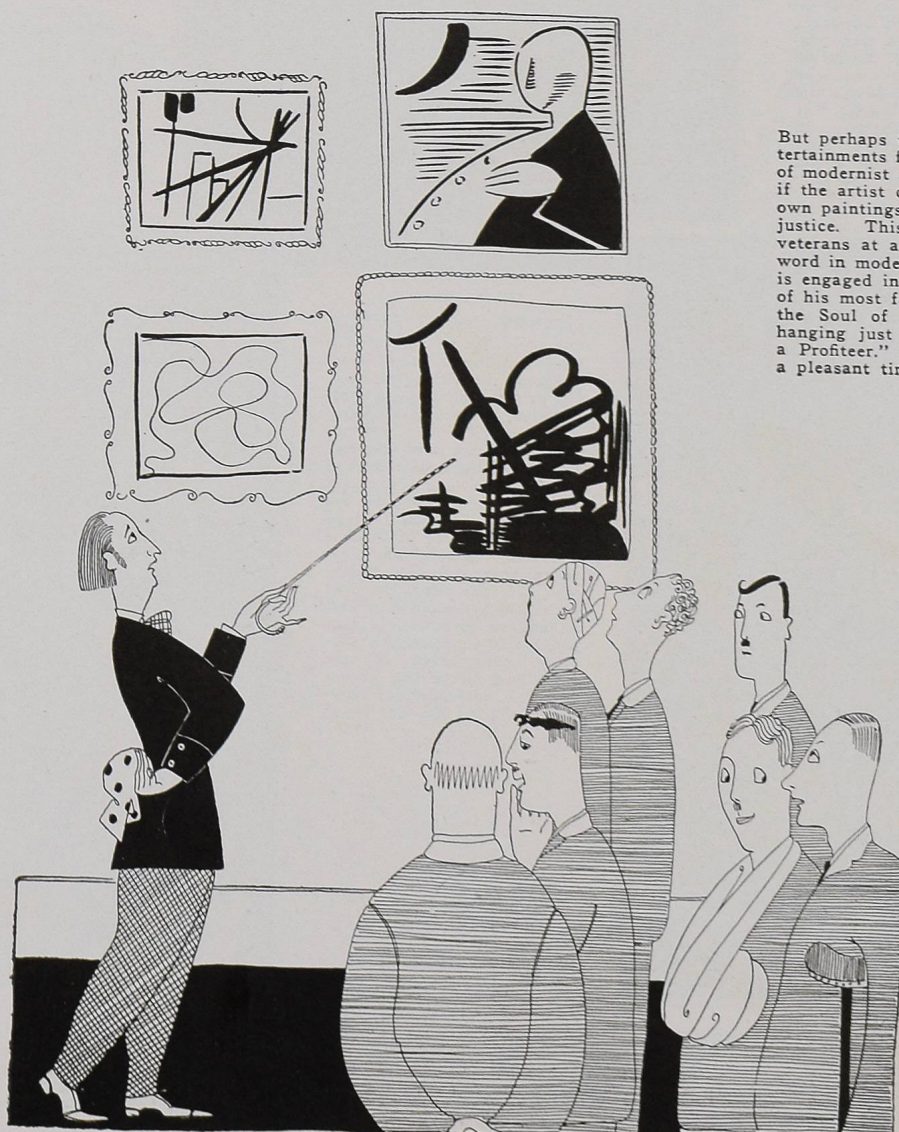
Another successful method of bucking up a convalescent hero is to draw him into an ardent discussion on the war. The poor soldiers have so little opportunity to pick up any real inside dope on the way the war has been going. The service at the front is very bad; there are no facilities for getting the hourly, five-star, absolutely final, unconditional surrender editions of the war extras. The battle-line is so inconveniently situated that the soldiers know as little of what is going on in the world as if they lived in Upper Montclair. In fact, many of the soldiers have written home asking their families to drop them a post-card, telling them when the war is over. Any man invalided back from the front would be only too glad to hear a heated talk on the Jugo-Slavs' attitude towards autonomy—or some other timely topic



An afternoon tea is another little diversion sure to intrigue any wounded soldier. The average doughboy just loves to sit in the midst of a roomful of women, balancing a tea-cup, a spoon, a napkin, a muffin, a sandwich, and a plate of little cakes, and making gestures with the other hand. It is always advisable for the hostess to gather a group of ladies about him, so that they can beguile his time by asking all those intimate and intelligent questions that do so much to make our convalescent soldiers long to get back into action again. It is always such a splendid opportunity, when one meets a returned soldier, to ask him all those things that one is simply dying to know—"Does General Pershing play good bridge?", "What are the Paris milliners showing this season?", and "What is the King of England like—when you get to know him really well?"



An afternoon of music is another treat for the boys. Think what a joy it is for them to hear a recital by Toscha Heifetz, the latest infant prodigy violinist. This sketch shows but a small part of the deep happiness of the men who have the rare privilege of hearing the boy wonder, with the soulful hair, render his own composition, "The Dance of the Influenza Germs." Note the soulful expression of the soldier who is so overcome that he must support his head in his hand. The melodious sounds are carrying him back to a night attack at dear old Chateau-Thierry. The expression of the man next to him just goes to prove what the poet has so aptly said,—*"music hath charms to rile the savage breast"*



But perhaps the most thrilling of all the entertainments for wounded men is an exhibition of modernist art. It is particularly delightful if the artist can be induced to lecture on his own paintings—he is so sure to do them full justice. This sketch shows a gathering of veterans at an exhibit which is the ultimate word in modernist painting. The noted artist is engaged in explaining the exact symbolism of his most famous work, the "Impression of the Soul of a Barefoot Dancer," a canvas hanging just below his notable "Portrait of a Profiteer." It can readily be noticed that a pleasant time is being had by one and all

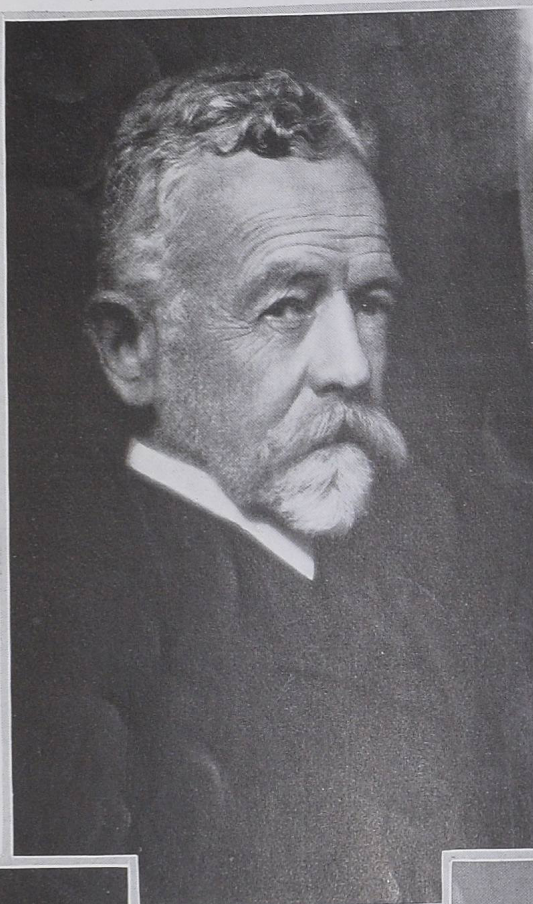
We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



LANGFIER

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Because he has been a soldier since he was a boy; because—early in life—he joined the Warwickshire Militia; because he went to France in 1914 and was promoted to a captaincy in the 1st Battalion of the Royal Warwicks; because he is a successful playwright; because he is the creator of Bert and Bill and Alf; but chiefly because, though only thirty years of age, his cartoons have been, for four years, the chief factor in making the allied people take a cheerful view of the war



PIRIE MACDONALD

HENRY CABOT LODGE

Because he is one of our best equipped and most readable historical writers; because at the age of twenty-three, he edited the *North American Review*; because he is a wit and English scholar of high attainments; because he is one of the best living embodiments of the culture of Harvard College and of the State of Massachusetts; but chiefly because, from the very beginning of the war, he has earned the gratitude of all Americans by insisting upon preparedness, upon the vigorous prosecution of the war, and upon the unconditional surrender of Germany and of all her allies



DE WITT C. WARD

PAUL MANSHIP

Because he has become, in only six years' time, one of the most conspicuous and distinguished sculptors of our day; because he has recently achieved a series of notable medals commemorative of the Great War; because he has done as much as any man, in the art of our time, to popularize American sculpture; because he always thinks, and talks, disparagingly of his own work; but chiefly because he is now in Italy, where he is doing efficient work on a mission for the American Red Cross



LIEUT. COL. CHARLES W. WHITTLESEY

Because he is a keen sportsman, a subtle humorist, and an able lawyer; but chiefly because as major of the "Lost Battalion," surrounded in the Argonne, he replied to the summons to surrender with a laconic "Go to hell!"



ALBIN, PARIS

DR. ALEXIS CARREL

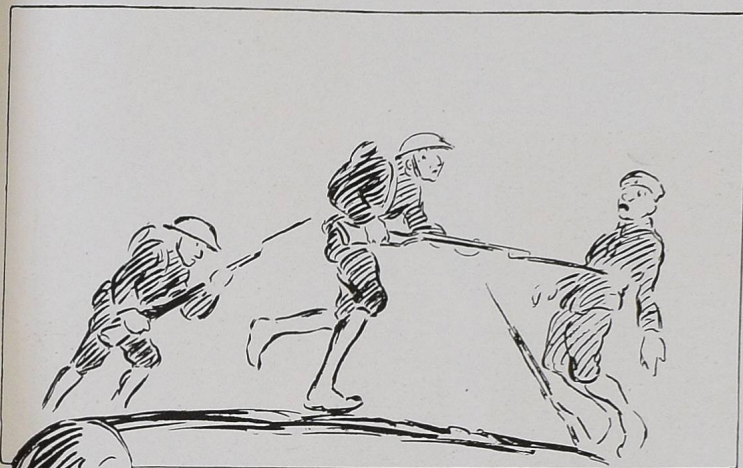
Because he is one of the great scientific men of our times; because he is a Commandeur of the Légion d'honneur; but chiefly because, as surgeon in the French army since the beginning of the war, he has restored thousands of men

What Has the War Done to Your Character?

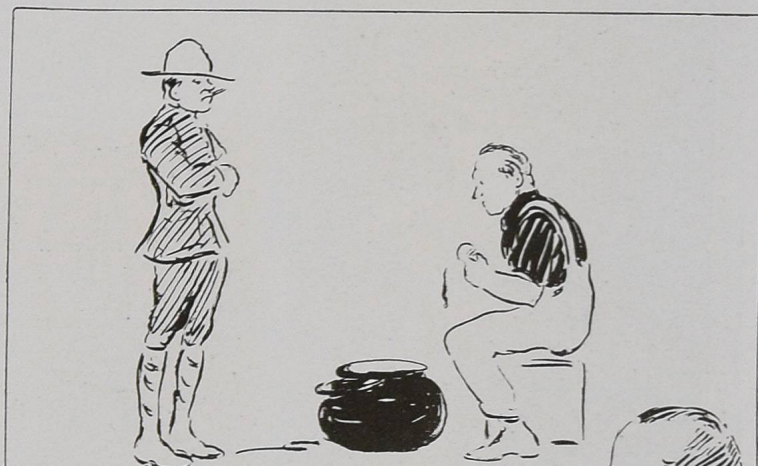
Find the answer in these sketches by Ethel Plummer

A MAN really can't tell what he is going to be in life, until he has served in the army. The military life seems to make constant readjustments of careers. For instance, you start life as a stock broker, and do fairly well at the job—say fifty or sixty thousand a year. Then you join the army and find that you really weren't intended to be a stock broker at all. That was simply

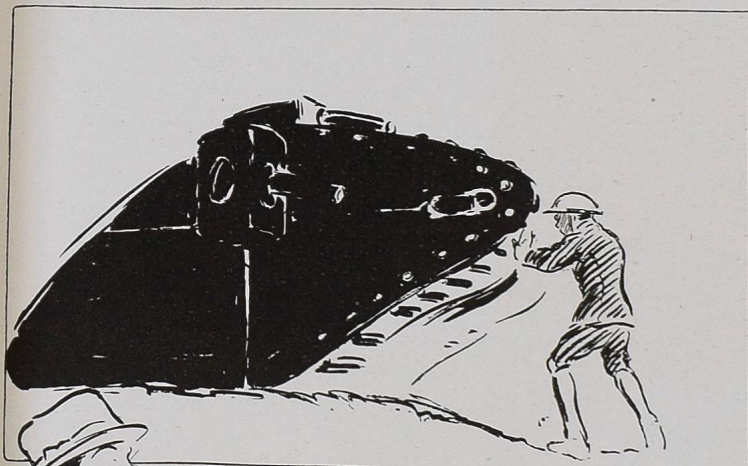
a clerical error on the part of Providence, or Fate, or whoever it is that shuffles the cards of Destiny. What you *really* were intended to be, is a store-room clerk, or a dish-washer, or an extra kitchen hand, something else of the sort. These sketches are intended to prove that the army is certainly a great little readjuster of social values. Do you find your case covered in any of them?



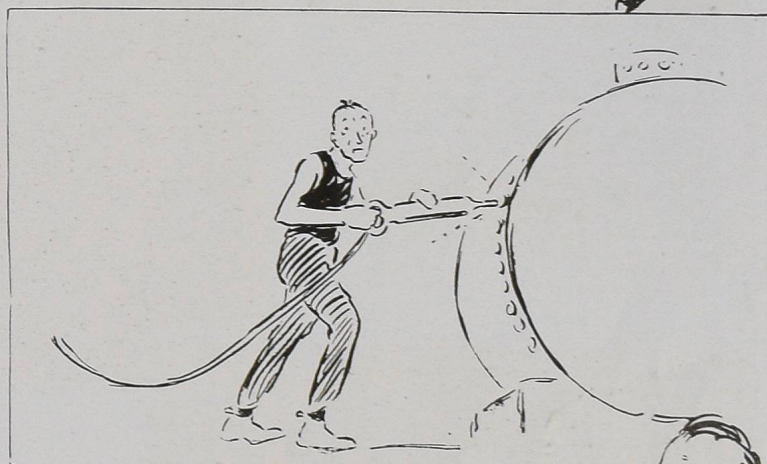
Here are two portraits of Luther Loving Sweet, the poet and pacifist. Before the war (see the bust portrait) his lectures on Pacifism were considered quite charming. But then the war came and those horrid camp officers taught him to handle a bayonet so well that, when he got to France, he couldn't let the old prong alone



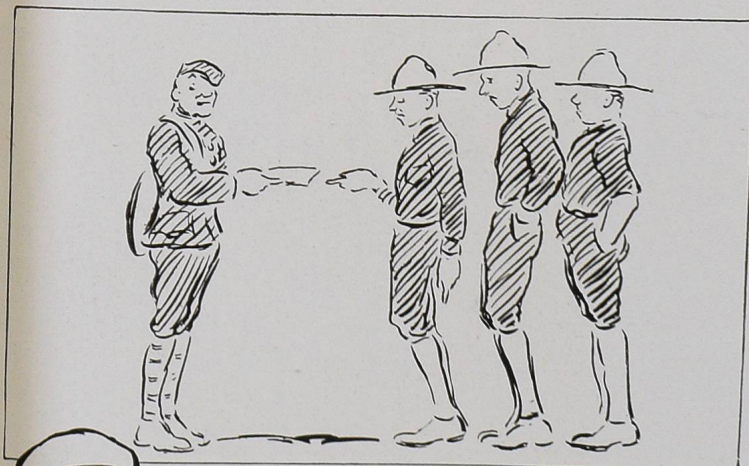
Portrait head (inset) of John D. Morgan, who, prior to America's declaration of war, was making \$200,000 a year as a bank president. Then he joined the army, and the bright lads in his regiment soon discovered that he wasn't meant to be a banker at all. What he *really* was meant to be was a "helper in the regiment kitchen"



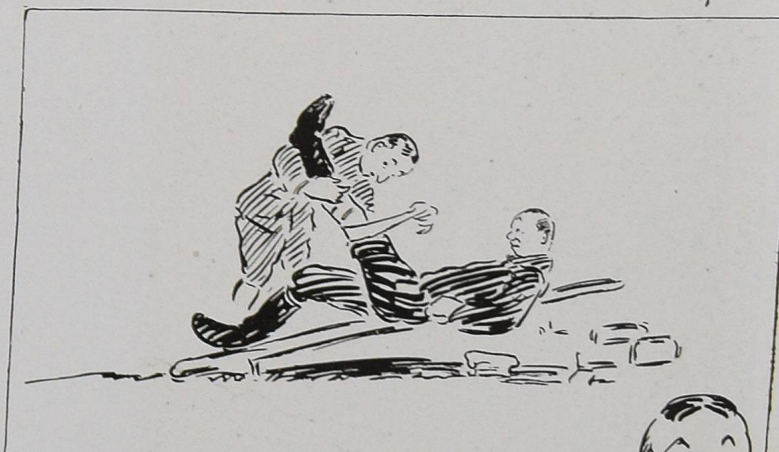
Then there is the case of Lionel Leffingwell, who, before the war, was one of the Shuberts' most popular chorus-boys. He thought that chorusing was his destined career—until a cruel officer put him in command of a tank and told him to take it to Metz—or bust. N. B.—Lionel is not nearly as refined as he was



Before the war, this poor chap had always been a chronic nervous invalid. He took his temperature every day, was a glutton for sleeping powders, and simply doted on sanitariums. Just now he is a boss riveter in one of the six big ship building yards at Hog Island. He recently established a pre-luncheon record of 1,376 rivets



Providence seems to give us all a chance, sooner or later. Here, for instance, is Jimmy Kelly, alias Kelly the Blue, and Jimmy the Kid. He was the last word—both as to ingenuity and technique, in burglar circles. In September last, just after that little affair at Grand Pré, he was promoted to be regimental paymaster



Dr. Cuthbert Janeway Trigg was the best known New Thought Healer in New York. He claimed that the body was but the servant of the mind. He hasn't had a chance to explain his New Thought theories as he has been, for twelve months, in a base hospital bandaging and dressing an average of 40 wounded soldiers a day



Drawn by Warren Davis.

The Dance of the Winds

The West Wind: the Sirocco: the Whirlwind: the Wind of Night: the South Wind

BORIS ANISFELD BRINGS HIS ART TO AMERICA

THE whole world knows how of recent years everything Russian has become a fad in the European capitals and in New York. Since the winter of 1909,—the date of the first appearance of the Ballet Russe in Paris, there has been a succession of Russian artists passing to our shores and carrying with them the art of their native land for our inspection and our financial and artistic appreciation. But unfortunately, so far as America is concerned, Russian art has in few instances been represented at its best. We have been much imposed upon by charlatans and have lent a hungry ear to many an artist of second or third rank.

Memory does not have to hark back far to realize the truth of these remarks. The Ballet came to New York with all the external trappings, it is true, but with its personnel so depleted by the war that its performances bore little resemblance to the well-nigh perfect ensemble of those shown in Paris and in London. Russian operas in other than the Russian tongue are but enfeebled manifestations of the art value of Moussorgsky and of Borodin. Only through Russian instrumental music—that product of absolute abstraction—have we viewed the Russian soul and Russian art in its purity.

THE FLOWER OF RUSSIAN ART COMES TO AMERICA

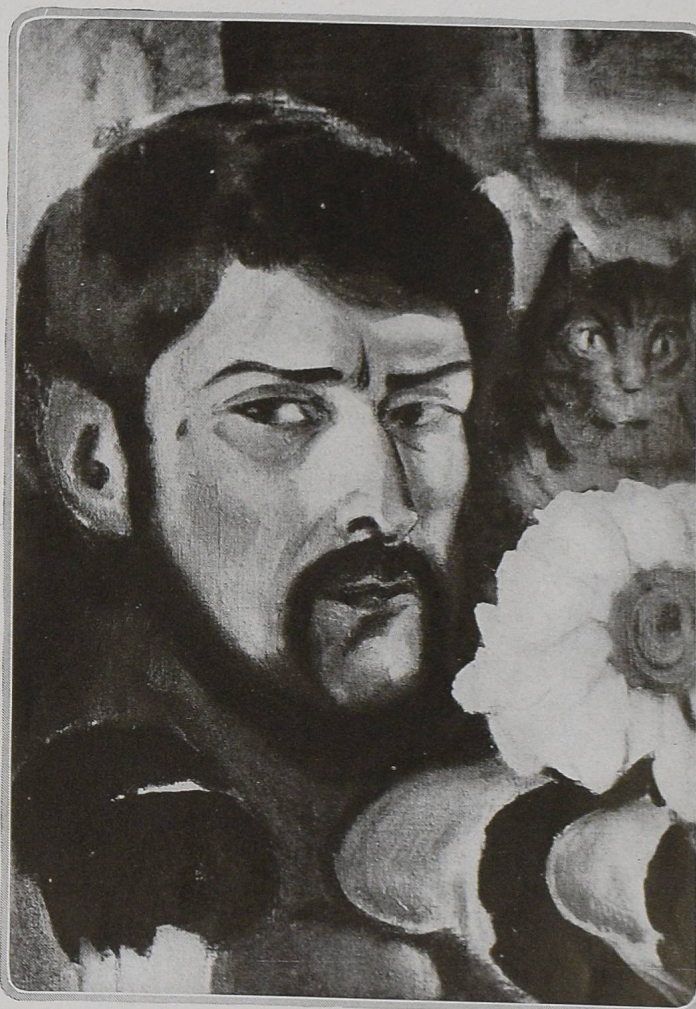
Now, however, it would seem that we are to see and hear the genuine article. The Russian revolution, in its destruction of the home market, is driving to this country the finest flower of Russian art. As we write, the report is current that Fokine is here—Fokine, the master "par excellence" of Russian choreographic art. Already on our shores and with two concerts behind him is Prokovieff, the "enfant terrible" of the young school of composers. But the most interesting fact of all is that Boris Anisfeld, Russian painter, is showing over one hundred examples of his art in exhibition in November at the Brooklyn Institute, and that, beginning in December and continuing throughout the winter, the exhibition is to have a grand tour as extensive as that of the Zuloaga show two years ago.

The Anisfeld exhibition possesses particular significance, for Russian pictorial art, except for a few scattering examples of little importance, has received no representation here. Naturally much of Russian painting has been of ecclesiastic subjects and has never departed from its rightful home, the Russian orthodox church, while Russian art-collectors have ever been jealous of the secular paintings of their artists and accordingly have never suffered them to leave the country, as have the rich men of other European nations. Thus unfamiliarity with the subject naturally places the connoisseur who would view the paintings of Anisfeld at a disadvantage, for he must do so without the basis of comparison offered by a familiarity with both previous and contemporary phases of Russian art. He must view it, therefore, and estimate it in and of itself or in the light of the art of other peoples and other times.

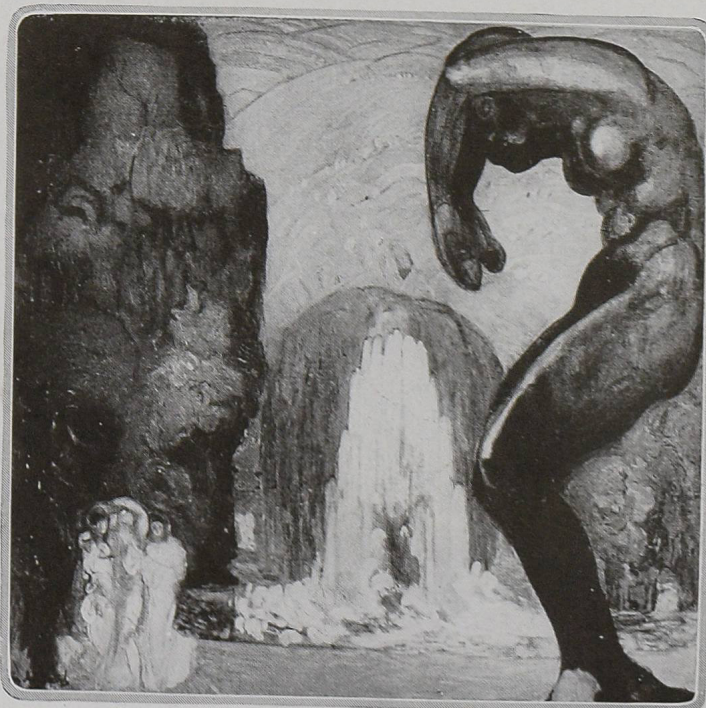
The writer's first meeting with Boris Anisfeld was appropriately in

Some Facts About the Artist, His Work, And the Influences That Molded Them

By WILLIAM B. MURRAY



This interesting portrait shows Boris Anisfeld's conception of himself



"The Blue Statue" is a study in blue and green, painted by the Russian artist

a little Russian tea room that nestles in the shade of tall buildings just east of Sixth Avenue, on one of the thirtieths. Within its dimness we sat and talked. Though Anisfeld is familiar with German and French, the conversation was limited to his native language, for through it he could best express his ideas of life and his art.

The experience was rare. Save for the much-mouthing Russian of a few drinkers of tea at neighboring tables and the occasional shuffling of feet and dishes by the Russian peasant girls who served the customers, there was no interruption. From the outside the roaring of the elevated trains, the voices of teamsters, and the occasional purr of an automobile engine carried the bustling voice of New York to our ears. Apart therefrom, however, the scene might have been thousands of miles to the east in that land of strangely mingled cold and warmth, Russia.

From him that first day I learned—labouriously, it is true, because of the means of communication—much of his life, and something of his views on art, and particularly his attitude towards his own work. Out of all the twists of conversation and the jumble of subjects came, as a ray of pure light in the darkness, his saying, "I paint what I feel, not what I see," and again in speaking of work for the stage, "My scenery comes from the feelings aroused in me by both drama and music."

ANISFELD, THE MAN AND HIS WORK

Then I saw him later in the Metropolitan Opera House painting his scenery for Leroux's, "La Reine Fiammette," to be produced in January. Slowly and deliberately the stocky figure moved over the great stretches of canvas spread wide on planks above the seats of the orchestra, his hand wielding—almost carelessly, it seemed—the long-handled scenic brush; for Anisfeld insists upon executing himself every stage design. He never leaves this part of the work to a subordinate, as many another, including even Bakst, has done.

Then came chats over tea in his studio, chats in a polyglot of French and English, as the knowledge of our language grew, and in these came the fuller acquaintance with the man whose resemblance in feature to the conventional pictures of the Savior has earned for him the sobriquet "the Bessarabian Christ." There is a great simplicity in the character of Boris Anisfeld, the man, a simplicity that speaks both in external appearance and in the directness of his thought and speech. There is no subtlety unless it be that subtlety of subtleties that speaks in terms of simplicity. He goes at every subject simply and directly, finding immediately the heart of the matter. As his work in its every manifestation indicates, he is ever sure of his ideas before expressing them, whether that expression take the form of speech or of pigment.

Before entering upon any discussion of Anisfeld's work, some understanding is necessary of his life and the trend of art movements in Russia during the first two decades of the twentieth century. Boris Anisfeld was born in 1879, in Bieltsy, a little town in the heart of Bessarabia, of a Russian father

(Continued on page 91)



ARNOLD GENTHE

Martha Hedman, The Dramatic North Star

In the Costume of a Peasant From Jemtland, the Swedish Province in Which She Was Born

The Poetic Drama

Hope for Its Revival and Extension in America

By CHARLES F. TUCKER

THE revival of the Poetic Drama rests, of course, like all poetic revivals, with the amateurs, and is to be looked for at the hands of a few quiet devotees, rather than as the result of any widely advertised movement to awaken an interest in the subject. We may thank our stars that the traditions of this drama are not entirely lost, but survive in university life, in children's plays and at poetic festivals of all kinds.

In considering the Progress of Poesy there is one great advantage possessed by the stage, namely, that verse well spoken is comprehensible to everyone, including thousands of people who would not, and could not, follow the lines on the printed page, because they have not the habit of reading poetry. These same people will listen to poetry, when it is well delivered in a theatre; they will catch its meaning and submit to its power, and yet hardly be aware that what they are listening to is verse.

But here comes the rub. The art of recitation on the stage is a highly organized, artificial accomplishment—it is the highest form of reading poetry aloud—and both accomplishments are at present more completely lost than the poetic drama itself. Who has not heard Shakespeare's lines recited in an unintelligent, naturalistic, humdrum fashion, while all the charm and half the meaning has dropped out of them, through the actor's ignorance of classic, stage delivery?

THE decay of poetic elocution prevents many old dramas from being staged. It is as if the instruments proper for giving masterpieces of antique music had become obsolete, and such music were thus lost to the world for the time being. One is tempted to prophesy that a revival of poetic delivery will precede the revival of the poetic drama; and for this recovery of good diction we must also look to the labors of a few enthusiasts.

The fine arts are revived by intensive cultivation. Is it clear that education was at any time general among the old Romans? Was not their entire literature, which has on the whole influenced the world more deeply than that of Greece, produced by a comparatively small caste of scholars, poets and litterateurs? I don't remember that the Romans had any common-school system. They had the native wit and the natural passion for all forms of art which have distinguished Italians in every age; but their poetry and drama grew up under the sporadic care of individuals, and spread naturally through society, propagating itself wherever it found the soil good.

The Romans had sense enough to perceive that they, themselves, were outer barbarians in all that concerned the fine arts. Their contiguity to Greek life taught them this. Their greatest merit is that they never forgot it, but went to work to see what they could do to improve their condition by adopting, adapting, imitating, importing, domesticating Greek metres, methods and mythologies into their own national life. This was done by hard, patient, intellectual work; for all art is like the carving

of jade, and requires an infinite amount of knowledge, experience, craftsmanship, patience.

THE scholars and artists of the Renaissance worked in exactly the same Roman spirit to recover the elements of ancient art, among other things the elements of the pastoral drama; and when one of them succeeded in producing something that recalled Theocritus, the fame of the performance spread over Europe and lasted for centuries. The same thing may be said of Ronsard and his friends, in France, in the Sixteenth Century. They attained the spirit through diligence. Some of Ronsard's lyrics are as great as the Latin of Horace, on which

thing eccentric and superfluous, the flipper of a bygone age which has crumbled into dust.

We are like an Eskimo, who should examine the wreck of a church organ and wonder what it was ever meant for. Such an Eskimo would have to be an enthusiast, and a patient person, if he should really determine to solve the mystery. He would have to become versed in the whole history of music, with counterpoint and instrumentation thrown in.

The poetic and romantic drama involves the whole popular literature of Western Europe, and will only be revived by men who are saturated with that literature, who live for it, in it and through it, and who, somehow, after a good deal of effort, succeed in producing a native drama of their own.

BUT again, I say, this is easier than it seems; for it does not depend upon a vast number of people, but upon a few. The public? The public be damned: that is to say, you may count upon it as a natural law that a public is being generated somewhere, and will show up soon enough, to understand anything you may have to give it. Your business is to produce the article.

The reason democracy is so unkind a home for art is that democracy turns everyone is a teacher. Service, service! A man must teach so hard all the time that he never has the leisure to find out anything generative or fruitful for himself. Service, to be sure.

But if a man will write two lines of good poetry, he will do more service to literature than if he had written the complete works of Taine and George Brandes. And as for *teaching*, why, the important things in life cannot be taught—except by example. When a whole society devotes itself to instruction, the natural curiosity of every one in it is attacked, or dried up, at the source. It is the search for truth that is important, not the imparting of it.

THERE are two kinds of mind, both of them familiar to us all—the critical and the creative. The critical mind studies with the intention and desire of saying something about something else; the creative, with the desire of saying something that will speak for itself. We have lived in an age of appraisements, where it was thought more important to talk about someone's else work than to do something oneself.

Sainte Beuve is the greatest and most lamentable example of this influence. He wrote I don't know how many papers on de Musset, with valuations and re-valuations of that poet's work by the aid of an apothecary's scales—as if it made any difference what Sainte Beuve thought about Alfred de Musset.

I mention Sainte Beuve, because he was perhaps the most widely educated, benign and liberal humanist of the 19th century, and was also such an entertaining writer that he has had a large, popular following. It is due to him that our college examination papers ask the student to distinguish be- (Continued on page 90)



MANSHIP'S "HEAD OF A CHILD"

This admirable bit of portrait sculpture, by Paul Manship, was the last work achieved by him before his departure, last month, on an important Red Cross mission to Rome and Naples

they are worthily and beautifully founded.

Now, why should not this spirit of revival *itself* revive among us—who are the outer barbarians, par-excellence, of the whole historic universe of Europe—the unstrung lutes and broken harps of mankind, who haven't even yet found out that the pegs must be replaced, the intervals restored, the tuning studied, and our voice trained before we can sing to the lyre?

As for the poetic drama, it is a voice that can say anything. It is like an orchestra that has the compass and sweep of all the passions; it can roar like the tempest or coo like the dove. The prose drama, on the other hand, can express next to nothing. It is like a barrel-organ with its three tunes. And yet, people now-a-days think of verse on the stage as of some-



Mary Nash Has Scored in Another Success

Miss Nash—Mrs. José Ruben, in private life—is now appearing in “The Big Chance,” a drama from the pens of Willard Mack and Grant Morris

In Time of War

By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

SORROW, that watches while the body sleeps,
 Parted the curtains of the cruel dawn
 And glided noiselessly to her sad seat
 Beside my pillow.—“Art thou there,” I muttered,
 “Spirit of silent grief; mute prophetess
 That, on the marble furrows of thy brow,
 Wearest the print of wisdom and of peace?
 Art thou still at my side, thou antique nurse

And sybil of the mind,—who easily
 Enterest the prisons of humanity
 With footfall soft, and walkest in the glooms
 Where none save thee may come? Shield me to-day!
 And, when the sun’s insufferable finger
 Moves o’er the wainscot, and his dreaded ray
 Sears the unsheathed soul, O mighty Spirit,
 Darken mine eyes: till night be come again!”

New York Opera Audiences

Certain Fatal Results of Their Tolerance

By PITTS SANBORN

WE have a generous supply of music in this country,—both operas and concerts,—especially in the city of New York. But, do we have audiences?

That is a question very few have asked themselves. Often, at operas and concerts,—for instance, when Caruso sings or Heifetz fiddles,—we see a packed house, crowded almost to suffocation. Is that jam of breathless, listening humanity an audience? Does it react? Does it respond? Has it an actual living part in the musical entity? Frequently this vast concourse applauds with a great show of enthusiasm; sometimes it resorts to cheers in the fulness of its approval; but an American musical audience never testifies effectively to displeasure. At the utmost it damns with faint applause.

AN audience in France, or in Italy, may not be irreproachable in its judgment; but it makes that judgment known. It is fiercely jealous of what it believes to be its rights; it will not tolerate for a moment having anything put over on it.

Here is one very simple example: In the French provincial city of Toulouse, a certain soprano of particularly flourishing physique, as well as lovely voice, was entrusted with the part of *Queen Marguerite* in "Les Huguenots." In the duel scene she made her entrance in the proper riding habit, but minus her mount,—perhaps through personal misgivings, and certainly with mercy toward the animal. But, by the immutable operatic custom of France, the *Queen*, in "Les Huguenots," must effect her third act entrance on horseback.

Toulouse knew it, and would not be thus coolly cheated of the horse. Instantly, welling from the darkness of the house, came that rhythmical, staccato, insistent noise every frequenter of French theatres knows, measured this time to the syllables of the missing quadruped, "*Le che—val, le che—val.*" Toulouse could not be cheated. It would break up the performance if it were denied the horse.

That was a real audience, a little childish in its judgment, but a real audience.

A CLASSIC case of the same sort of thing occurred under more serious conditions at Venice in 1853. The audience that heard the first performance on any stage of "La Traviata," refused success to the work, the first night, because it would not accept fat Signora Donatelli as a woman dying of consumption. Because of the miscast heroine the performance was an utter fiasco. That first audience would actually have laughed "La Traviata" into oblivion had not Verdi believed in his own work, and obtained a second performance elsewhere, with a woman as *Violetta* whom an Italian audience could accept as consumptive. That detail being settled satisfactorily, the music got a hearing, and "La Traviata," far from

failing a second time, won a success that has withstood undiminished the shock and change of operatic fashion to our own day.

SOMETIMES, not the fate of a singer alone, or an opera has been at stake, but nothing less than the fate of a nation. It was Auber's opera of Neapolitan revolution, "La Muette de Portici," which, on being presented in Brussels, fired the Belgian people to their revolt against Holland. The rulers of Naples in their turn deemed the opera of Verdi now known as "Un Ballo in Maschera" too dangerous for produc-

norance? When some one points out to him the impropriety of employing an enemy-alien conductor, to lead performances at his house during the war, or suggests to him that a Melanie Kurt as *Santuzza*, or a Johanna Gadske as *Aida*, in time of war, borders on artistic scandal,—with a logic of his own, he shrugs his shoulders and retorts that if the public does not want the thing, let the public protest!

He is perfectly aware that no Italian audience would tolerate anything of the sort; but that very knowledge is his excuse: An Italian audience takes care of its own interests. If the

American audience will stand for the artistic equivalents of arson, murder, and high treason, why should he, the servant of the public, stand in the public's way? A few troublesome critics in the press may have an unpleasant word to say on the matter, but, after all, a journalist slings ink, not superannuated cabbages; and the box office has been known to prosper, though the newspapers furiously rage.

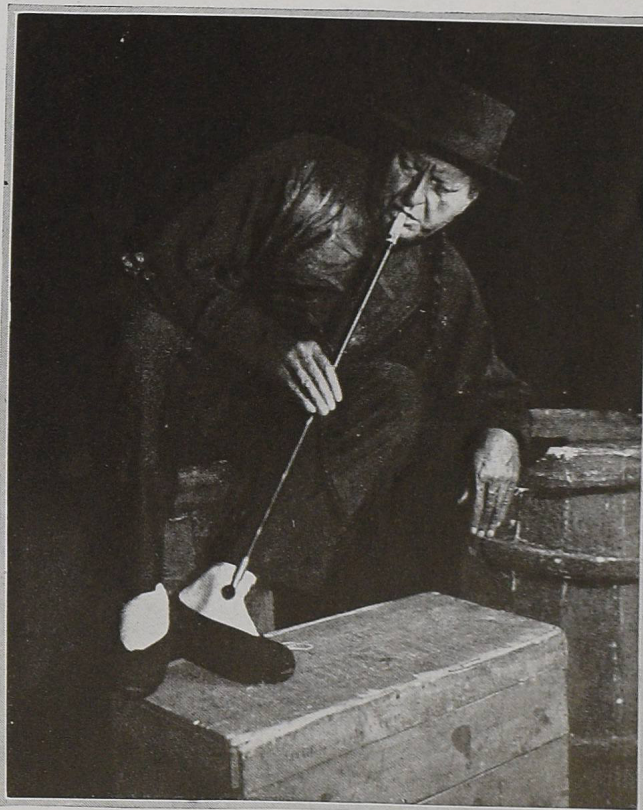
CERTAINLY direct and vigorous reactions on the part of opera and concert audiences, whistles, cat-calls, and now and then a not too deadly vegetable missile, would benefit our musical life, and lift the standard of our musical performances, just as the words "Get the hook" keep up the standard of "Amateur night," in less august places of amusement.

An opera house has a *claque* to "accelerate" enthusiasm, and direct applause. Subscribers might organize a *claque* of their own, to express, effectively, disapproval as well as approval. Then a Bodansky, from Austria, would probably not conduct operas, in sleek composure amid the pleasant surroundings of the Metropolitan Opera House, while the sons of the box holders stand on the firing line with Pershing; a Signora Matzenauer could hardly lumber more than once through "Le Nozze di Figaro," carrying musical and dramatic desolation in her train, because a management assumes that anything will do for a public too ignorant or too inert to make its will known.

Probably no missile would be thrown, Americans being what they are, but very likely the misplaced artists would be laughed into a realization of what was good taste in America.

THE *claque* is by no means an institution to be regarded askance. It is the barometer which, in all our opera houses, controls what may be termed the official applause. An intelligently directed *claque* is in more ways than one distinctly useful. Doubtless the general public would be astonished to know how dependent are some of our most renowned singers,—singers in the Metropolitan Opera House,—on a few experienced and trustworthy *claqueurs*.

The uninformed might suppose that the fame and prowess of (Continued on page 92)



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Antonio Scotti, for twenty-five years a commanding figure in the operatic history of our time, and one of the most popular singers in the chronicles of the Metropolitan Opera House. Signor Scotti is distinguished not only as a singer, but as an actor of the first magnitude. This picture shows him in his latest rôle, that of Chim-Fang, the villainous hero of Leon's opera, "L'Oracolo." It is in this rôle that the famous baritone is soon to tour the country, in his own opera company. His impersonation of the evil and sinister opium-den keeper will surely be classed as one of the memorable achievements of his career.

tion in their city during the Carnival of 1858. The subject of the new opera was a conspiracy against the life of King Gustavus III of Sweden, and Verdi originally called the work "Gustavo III." At length, under its present name, the opera was produced at Rome, in February, 1859; but only after the action had been transferred from royal Sweden to colonial Massachusetts, and King Gustavus had been camouflaged as *Riccardo*, governor of Boston,—a change which was held to render the work harmless politically for the Italian peninsula.

IN America we unquestionably do not have such impressionable audiences. Shall one blame, then, an Italian impresario, his head chock full of historic instances, if he mistakes the courtesy of an American audience for ig-



Maurice Goldberg

B E R T H A K A L I C H

Bertha Kalich returns from motion pictures in a play called "The Riddle: Woman," which is a drama that manages to be laid in Copenhagen and still escape any such local colouring as nervous breakdowns or the usual psychological ghost. This entertainment has plenty of dramatic suspense and a most excellent cast, including Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson, who is very, very good as the very bad villain



Moffett

It would take anybody a long time to forget Lola Fisher in "Good Gracious, Annabelle," and so Clara Kummer wrote another excellent comedy, called it "Be Calm, Camilla," and Miss Fisher does the rest

S E E N o n t h e S T A G E

Two Plays and Golden Promises of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, and Some Less Important Productions in English

By CLAYTON HAMILTON



Charlotte Fairchild

Mrs. Coburn plays "Victoire" in "The Better 'Ole" which was partly written by Captain Bairnsfather

THE second season in New York of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier was initiated on the night of October fourteenth with a production of "Le Secret" by Henry Bernstein, and this offering was followed one week later by a presentation of "Le Mariage de Figaro." No two plays could be more different than these in subject or in method or in atmosphere; yet both pieces were adequately acted and effectively produced. By this double exhibition of efficiency, a reassurance and a promise were immediately registered.

A year ago, when this theatre was imported overseas from the Alley of the Ancient Dovecot, in the Latin Quarter, where its promising development had been rudely interrupted in the autumn of 1914, Jacques Copeau and the members of his reassembled company were required to contend against many obstacles; but most of these obstacles were successfully surmounted, and the first American season of the Vieux Colombier was emphatically interesting. Now, after a long summer of leisurely preparation, this French company has embarked upon a second season in New York which affords every promise of a very fine fruition.

The repertory system, with its bewildering change of bill from night to night, has been discarded in favour of the simpler system of a weekly change of bill. A new production will be offered every Monday night and will be continued for eight successive performances. By this means, the public of New York, which is habituated to the system of continuous runs, will be better enabled to keep track of the successive offerings of this multifarious institution.

No less than thirty-two plays, long and short, have already been announced for production during the course of the current season of twenty-five weeks. The only foreign, or non-French, plays that are included in the programme are Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," and Maeterlinck's "Peléas et Mélisande"; but among the French authors on the list are Molière,

(Continued on page 84)



Davis and Sanford

Patricia Collinge has bidden a long farewell to all her gladness as "Pollyanna" in her new play, "Tillie"



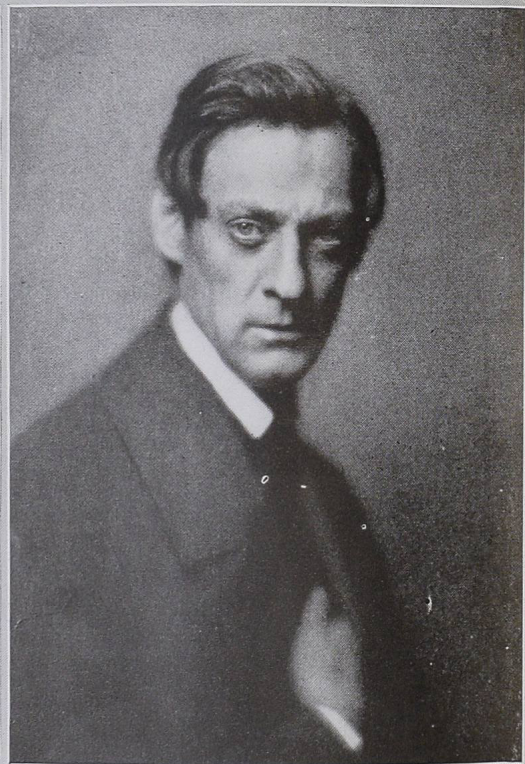
BARON DE MEYER

Laurette Taylor is enjoying an extraordinary vogue in her tour of the West. An interesting announcement concerning her is that, while on the road, she will appear in three new one-act plays by her husband, Mr. J. Hartley Manners. Mr. and Mrs. Manners, apparently unsatisfied with the distinguished position which they occupy in their respective professions, have both of them lately taken to writing books. Two volumes have already appeared from their pens, and more, we are informed, are either *in petto*, or actually on the way



MAURICE GOLDBERG

Leo Ditrichstein, not satisfied with having been a matinee hero all his life, is now appearing in a play entitled "The Matinee Hero." Mr. Ditrichstein is, furthermore, part author of the play, his fellow conspirator being no less a playwright than Mr. A. E. Thomas. "The Matinee Hero" is swinging along—at the Vanderbilt Theatre—with every appearance of becoming a winter-long success



L. L. LUTIN

Lionel Barrymore has duplicated, in all the cities so far visited by him on an extended American tour, the instant success which he achieved in New York, in Augustus Thomas' play, "The Copperhead." He is now appearing under the able management of John D. Williams, who has long been associated—both in friendship and in affairs of business—with Mr. Barrymore and his younger brother, John

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD



Valda Valkyrien, the Danish actress and movie star, has—after three years in the movies—decided to forsake the screen and to appear at an early date on the legitimate stage. Her beauty and her indubitable histrionic talents are certain to make her forthcoming dramatic venture a successful one

Outstanding Figures
in the Pageant of the
Broadway Drama

The Prompter's Revenge

A Thrilling Drama of Operatic Life

By CAMI

First Act: Jealousy

SCENE: *The home of the Vindictive Prompter, at a seaside resort in Neutral Holland.*

THE LARGE SOPRANO (*Alone*)
A LARGE soprano should never marry a prompter. I know this, from bitter experience. But, here is my husband, the Vindictive Prompter.

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER (*Entering*)
Madam, you are deceiving me. You are carrying on an affair with the heavy basso who sings with you at our Opera House. Have a care. I shall revenge myself. (*In a sinister voice.*) Do you remember the fate of the Bearded Baritone in Monte Carlo?

THE LARGE SOPRANO
Oh, dreadful memory! Every day I seem to live that tragic evening over again; the Bearded Baritone disappearing into the prompter's box. Villain! I remember it all. Oh, atrocious vision! The Bearded Baritone was stepping forward to sing "Bella Donna," his great aria, when, mechanically, he glanced toward your prompter's box. At once he turned deathly pale, tried desperately to hold himself back, and then disappeared, head first, into the yawning abyss, where he met his untimely death.

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER
Yes, I had thought it all out. In order that your lover should be seized with vertigo, I had stuck a little painted panorama of the Alps around the inside of my prompter's box and then hung up a sign in front of the opening which read, "A Bottomless Precipice; Beware!" The baritone became dizzy, and was soon unable to resist the sinister attraction of my artificial precipice.

THE LARGE SOPRANO
Cur! One corpse does not satisfy you. You now wish to revenge yourself on my new lover, the Heavy Basso, at the Opera House.

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER (*In a menacing voice*)

Ah! ha!

THE LARGE SOPRANO
How?

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER
My plans are not yet made. But I shall soon decide upon them.

Second Act: The Discontented Supernumeraries

A café adjoining the seaside Opera House, in Holland

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER (*Entering*)
What's up, fellow supes? Your countenances are sad.

FIRST DISCOURAGED SUPE
We have just finished rehearsing the part of the "limpid river" in the opera which is being given to-night at the Opera House. The stage manager, however, is not pleased with our performance.

SECOND DISCOURAGED SUPE
He says that the painted cloth under which we undulate ourselves, in order to imitate the flowing of water, does not give the illusion of a real river.

THIRD DISCOURAGED SUPE
He reproaches us, and says we do not undu-



The Fat Soprano who should never have married a Prompter

late as a river of water really undulates.

FOURTH DISCONTENTED SUPE
And, to-night, at the performance, if the movement of the river does not convey the impression of genuine undulation, he is going to inflict a heavy fine upon us.

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER (*Aside*)
Oh! An idea! (*Aloud.*) Do not despair. I am going to enable you to play the rôle of the "limpid river" so that you will undulate with almost liquid undulation.

ALL THE DISCONTENTED SUPES
What must we do?

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER
Allow yourselves to be hypnotized.

ALL THE DISCONTENTED SUPES
This is hardly the hour for humor, comrade.

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER
I am not being humorous. Before taking up the vocation of Prompter, I exercised the hypnotist's profession. To-night, at the performance, I am going to put you all into a trance and suggest to you, hypnotically, that you undulate. Thanks to this suggestion, I can guarantee the absolute perfection of your undulations. You will indeed hold the mirror up to nature.

ALL THE DISCONTENTED SUPES
So be it! We accept your offer.

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER
Let us proceed to our dinner.

Act III: The Interrupted Performance

The scene represents the stage of the seaside Opera House

THE BEARDED IMPRESARIO
The performance has begun. The curtain is about to rise on the Second Act. (*To the supes, who are in their positions under the painted cloth representing the river.*) Be natural! I repeat, I desire the illusion to be perfect. Imi-

tate the undulations of a river. Undulate! Jump up and down beneath the painted cloth. (*The supes answer not. They are already in a heavy and hypnotic trance.*)

THE STAGE MANAGER
I am giving the signal for the curtain to go up. Now it has gone up!

FIRST SPECTATOR (*In a delirium*)
What a marvelous tableau! What joy is in store for us! We are about to hear the famous Heavy Basso, who has been engaged to sing here at a fabulous salary.

SECOND SPECTATOR (*In a delirium*)
He is a unique artist. His voice is so prodigiously deep that not one note of it reaches even the first row of the orchestra.

THIRD SPECTATOR (*In a delirium*)
But here he comes. See, he is entering—in a painted gondola, a gondola which advances on the breast of the limpid river. Ah, he is singing a barcarole, but only the movements of his lips reveal to us the fact that he is singing at all.

FOURTH SPECTATOR (*In a delirium*)
One could hear a pin drop. His voice is even deeper than last year. What an artist!

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER (*In his box*)
Enjoy your triumph, cursed Basso! My revenge is at hand.

ALL THE SPECTATORS (*In a delirium*)
Heavens! What is happening? The river, made of cloth, is running away through the wings, carrying with it the Heavy Basso in his painted gondola!

THE STAGE MANAGER (*To the river supes*)
Stop! Stop! Where are you running to?

THE BEARDED IMPRESARIO
Curses! Horror! The river has gone out of the theatre by the stage door. It is running across the beach toward the ocean. And see, the unfortunate basso, in his painted gondola, while floating along on the moving river, is sending up piteous cries of despair!

ALL THE SPECTATORS (*In a delirium, and rushing out to the beach*)

My God! It is horrible! The supes, who are impersonating the river, have precipitated themselves into the storm-tossed ocean! The heavy basso has been carried out to sea, along with the river. Alas, he has gone down for the third time. Heavens! He has been drowned.

THE LARGE SOPRANO (*To the Vindictive Prompter*)

It is you, miserable being, who have engineered this tragedy. I feel it. I recognize your manner.

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER
Yes. I have revenged myself on your lover, the Heavy Basso. I prepared this death for him only to-day. He is dead—as the result of my cunning.

THE LARGE SOPRANO
Cur, tell me how you accomplished this murder of a noble-hearted hero.

THE VINDICTIVE PROMPTER
I simply hypnotized the river supes. I suggested to them that they were a real river. So, naturally, they ran into the sea—as rivers invariably do.

Curtain

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ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Billie Burke is known to all good movie fans as an actress of Paramount importance. Vogue is not at all surprised to see her here pictured as an artist. We have long known that she excelled in drawing. N. B. She has been particularly successful, since she was a mere girl, in drawing good houses



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Anita Stewart, one of the most decorative pillars in the temple of the screen, will appear—in a week or so—in a new picture to be called "Virtuous Wives." Yes, you are right, the story will be based on the similarly named novel by Owen Johnson. The picture will be released by Miss Stewart's own company



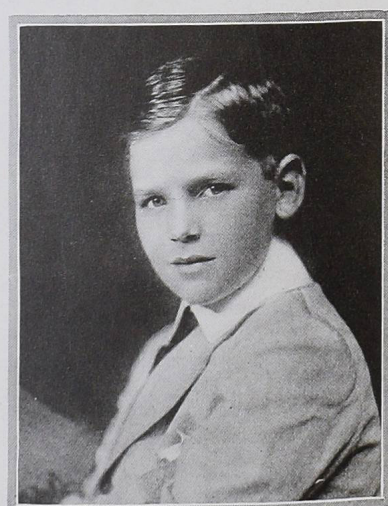
Dorothy Gish, the well-loved Paramount star, will release an important new picture in December which is to be entitled "The Hope Chest." The play was recently photographed at the Lasky studios, in Hollywood



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

This is the undisputed Heir-Presumptive to the American movie throne. His father is no less a personage than Douglas Fairbanks—actor, gymnast, human being, and Liberty Loan seller extraordinary

Kitty Gordon, the kindest and most sympathetic vampire whose shadowy footsteps tread the screen, is now head (and heart) of her own company, somewhere in California



The Growing Vogue of the Movies

And a Group of Perfectly Good and Sufficient Reasons to Account for It

Oh, Look—I Can Do It, too

Showing That Anyone Can Write Modernist Verse

By DOROTHY PARKER

Bacchanale

HAND in hand, we ran through the Autumn forest;
Our laughter soaring on the wings of the mad wind;
In and out, tracing a fantastic path,
Through the passionate, flaming dogwood
And the slim, virginal birches,
Our limbs flashing white against the riotous background.
The grape-leaves I twined rested lightly on your hair,
And, as we ran, you shouted snatches of wild songs—
Pagan hymns of praise to the dead gods.
On we rushed, dizzy with the strong wine of Autumn. . . .
I wonder if you were married, too.

Sunday

ALITTER of newspapers
Piled in smothering profusion.
Supplements sprawling shamelessly open,
Flaunting their lurid contents—
"Divorced Seven Times, Will Re-Wed First Wife",
And, "Favorite's Account of Escape from the Harem".
Unopened sheets of "help" advertisements;
Editorials, crumpled in a frenzy of ennui;
Society pages, black with lying photographs.
Endless, beginningless heaps of newspapers. . . .
Outside, a thin gray rain,
Falling, falling hopelessly,
With a dull monotony of meaningless sound,
Like the voice of a minister reading the marriage service.

The Picture Gallery

MY life is like a picture gallery,
With narrow aisles wherein the spectators may walk.
The pictures themselves are hung to the best advantage;
So that the good ones draw immediate attention.
Now and then, one is so cleverly hung,
That, though it seems unobtrusive,
It catches the most flattering light.
Even the daubs are shown so skillfully
That the shadows soften them into beauty. . . .
My life is like a picture gallery,
With a few pictures turned discreetly to the wall.

Fragment

WE came face to face in the crowd;
Hemmed all about by pushing, straining figures,
Berserk with the thought of getting home to dinner.
Heavy about us rose the odor of crowded humanity,
Hot in our ears sounded their polyglot curses.
But the crowd was kind, for it pushed you into my arms,
There you rested, one supreme moment,
Your delicate body quivering with exquisite timidity.
We stood, we two alone, on the pinnacle of rapture,
Our souls throbbing together.
Then we were torn apart.
But Hope leaped high within me,
For, before you were borne away from me,
You whispered a few shy syllables,—
The answer to my feverish question. . . .
Why did you give me the wrong telephone number?

My Christmas Presents

What Wonderful Surprises Are My Friends Thinking Up for Me?

AS *The Liberator* has so often pointed out,
things are unequally divided in this world.

Look at this matter of Christmas presents, for instance. There are some women whose stockings—you know perfectly well that I'm speaking figuratively—will hold Rolls-Royces, diamond tiaras, pedigreed Pekingese, strings of pearls, blocks of stock, and other delicate little attentions of that sort.

Do you think there is ever anything like that in my life? No—briefly, and in a word, no. My friends don't browse around Tiffany's choosing my gifts; they just run into Ye Cozy Gifte Shoppe, or The Sign of the Christmas Tree, or some other such place, and pick up some thoughtful little trifle. "It isn't the money you spend," I can hear them saying, as they purchase a pair of hand-decorated knitting-needle tops. "It's the thought that counts."

I lay no particular claims to clairvoyance—although I did once have a dream about our janitor, and two weeks later, to the very day, his wife ran off with the ice-man—but I can plainly see what this Christmas is going to mean to me. I can almost see the gifts. . . .

THERE will surely be at least one knitting-bag—I know that perfectly well. Attached to it will be a verse, printed neatly on a card. I often think I could almost bear the gifts alone; it's the verses that hurt so. Well, anyway, this bag will be accompanied by a,

broadly speaking, verse. It will run like this:

*"Slip this bag upon your arm,
And you'll never lose your ball of yarn."*

On second thoughts, I know there will be two knitting-bags—I had forgotten Aunt Effie's fondness for them. The second one will be khaki-colored, and one side of it will bear an impression of an American flag, embroidered, with a flowing pink ribbon tied to the pole. The flag will be blowing in one direction and the ribbon in the other; this makes it more decorative. The bag will have its verse, of course, reading something as follows:

*"I'll hold your knitting, you can see,
For your boy across the sea.
Knit him sweaters and socks galore
Until he comes back again once more."*

ANOTHER gift sure to be mine is a collection of bulbs, with a new art bowl and a set of assorted pebbles to grow them in. I have never yet been able to raise bulbs; I can't even get them started. The bulbs, bowl and pebbles will come with this charming poetical sentiment attached to them:

*"White hyacinths to feed your soul;
Grow them in this pretty bowl.
Water them every other day,
And 'Oh, how pretty,' your friends will say."*

Then there will be the usual group of ribbon-wound articles—shoe-trees, coat-hangers, sweater-hangers, hat-pin holders, and all the rest. If they just left them in the nude, it wouldn't seem like Christmas; they have to cover them all up with tortured pink and blue ribbons, to make it all a little more tricky and complicated. Then there will be the combination gifts—the shoe horn, which, when reversed, forms a glove buttoner; the trick penwiper that becomes an eyeglass cleaner when you turn it the other way. Then will come the useful gifts—the decorative case, holding two slices of pink court-plaster, with the verse:

*"If you're hurt, I'll cheer you up,
I will heal each bruise or cut."*

Then the plaid case to hold the soap and washcloth, when traveling. The verse on this is, I often think, perhaps the purest gem in the whole anthology:

*"Take this cloth to wash your face
When you go from place to place.
In your journeys, by land and sea,
I will go along with thee."*

Who was it that first remarked that Christmas comes but once a year? Whoever he was, he certainly said something pleasant.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION



Every woman wears velvet this winter, even when she's so young that the band of grey angora on the bottom of her skirt comes just to her knees. The velvet is navy blue, in this case, joined to a blouse of French blue crêpe de Chine embroidered in angora and finished with navy blue grosgrain ribbon



Abbe



One is never weary of wearing the green if one is youthful and the green is a velvet overblouse with a skirt of black and green plaid. There is black, green, and red embroidery, notably on the batiste underblouse. The mushroom toque is in plaid with a velvet brim and engaging little woolly roses

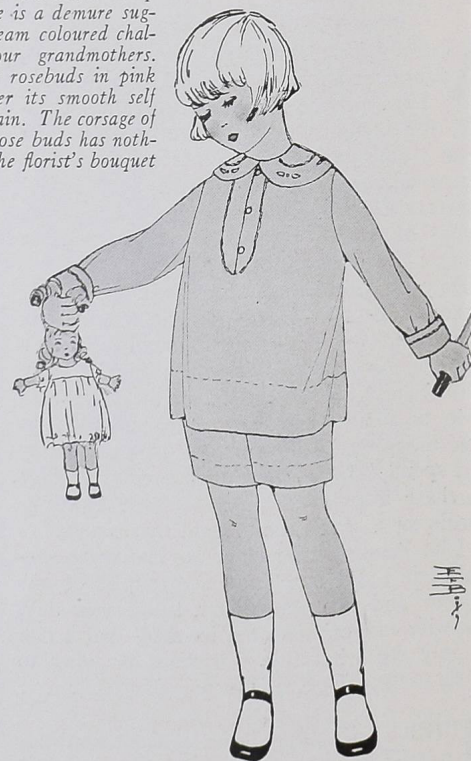
Lorna Volare's friends will be glad to see that she's still light-hearted enough to carry her doll upside down, even though she's a full-fledged star. But she isn't thinking of "Daddies" now, but of the organdie frock she wears in the play with ruffles edged with Valenciennes lace, and a hat with two lace-edged ruffles; the frock is from Hartman



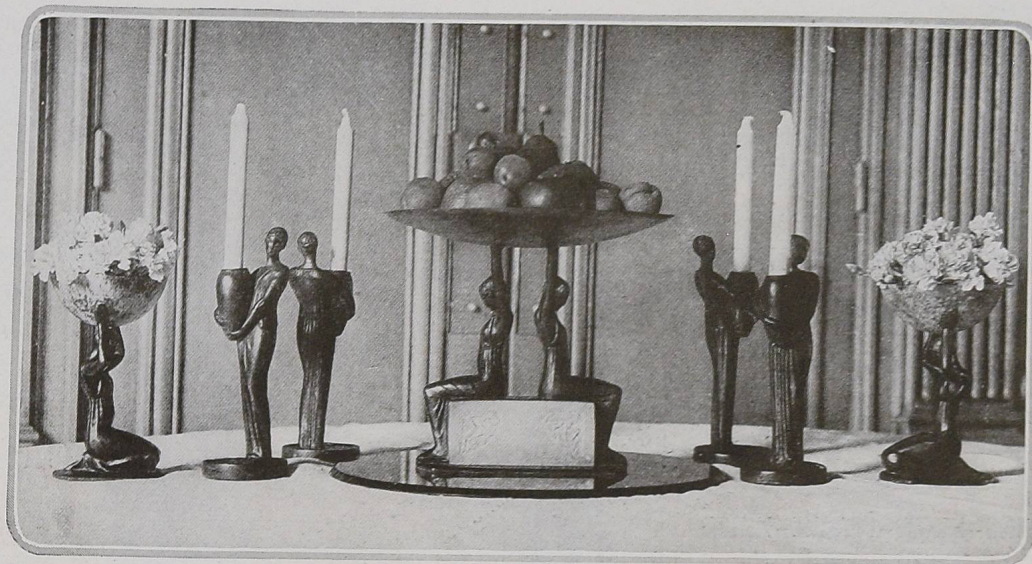
When one is too young to go roller skating unaccompanied, one may wear a smock and wee trousers of dull green gingham with white linen collar and cuffs embroidered in dull green cotton. A wide belt fastening in front under a gingham loop is used on a long waist-line; from Best



(Middle, below) A party means a new frock whether one's hair is up or down, and here is a demure suggestion in that cream coloured chalis beloved of our grandmothers. Some of it grows rosebuds in pink and green all over its smooth self and the rest is plain. The corsage of cotton and wool rose buds has nothing to fear from the florist's bouquet



The philosophic pirate in the tan linen play suit is not above employing dark brown cotton embroidery on his collar. His blouse slips on over his Dutch hair cut and fastens in front with three most un-war-like pearl buttons which were his mother's idea entirely; from Best



This delightful "sur tout," or table decoration, by Cecil Howard, of Paris, is executed in black bronze, beaten brass, and alabaster and is shown on a cloth of unbleached linen with lines of openwork converging in the centre. Howard has made many "sur touts" of this character for prominent Parisiennes, including one for Mlle. Monna Delza, the actress. He is an associate of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts and has been decorated by the Serbian Government for work in Serbia with the British Red Cross. The photograph is shown by courtesy of Madame Charlotte Hennard of Paris for whom the "sur tout" was made

FOR THE HOSTESS

Some Facts About the Food Value of That Delectable Sweet, Honey, and a Few of Its Many Uses as a Sugar Substitute

IN the old pioneer days the man who found a "bee tree" knew that he had found a valuable prize, for until trade with the tropics introduced cane sugar into temperate regions, honey was by far the most common sweet used for human food. Of late years we have begun to look upon it as a delicacy or luxury, forgetting that honey has a high food value apart from its palatable qualities. From earliest times people have schemed to get the bees to build their combs in accessible spots, building their hives to attract them, and through this custom of "keeping" bees, we have come to have a better and more economical supply of honey than we would otherwise have had.

JUST WHAT AND WHY IS HONEY?

Honey may be roughly described as a syrup with a distinctive flavour and aroma and made up of four parts of sugar to one part of water. But this scientific description can in no way reveal its charm. The "flavour and aroma" are really the distinguishing characteristics which make the use of honey a delight; because of this pleasure, honey has come to be looked upon as something to be eaten merely for pleasure's sake. That this pleasure is merely an "added attraction," however, becomes apparent when one studies the food value of honey and its many uses. The simplest way of using honey is to serve it with bread, breakfast cereals, boiled rice, pancakes, and other mild-flavoured foods. An ounce of honey will spread as many slices as an ounce of jam; it makes a good substitute for butter when used on bread, and is very generally relished by children. If it is combined in this use with cream cheese, it forms a well-balanced ration and is very pleasing to the taste.

Of the two varieties of honey on the market, comb-honey and strained honey, there is very little to be said in point of choice. Many people think that strained honey is liable to be impure, but this is not the case. There is but little adulterated honey to be had, because the practice of adulterating honey has become both dangerous and unprofitable since the pure food legislation. As for comb-honey, it can not be adulterated except by processes which cost more than the retail price, and therefore one may be sure that it is the product of the hive. Many persons think that crystallized honey is impure, whereas the purer the honey the more liable it is to crystallization, and alfalfa honey is often sold in cakes. Honey varies much according to the kind of "nectar," the sweet substance drawn from the flowers by the bees, from which it is made. Honey made in a buckwheat country is dark, full-bodied, and

rather acid in flavour. A person who has become accustomed to this variety would think that the mild light-coloured honey made in clover districts was some kind of artificial honey, while the one who had always eaten the latter would be as certain that the buckwheat product was not genuine. Because of this, some honey dealers blend several kinds to produce a mixture which does not vary at different seasons, and this is often done with a great deal of skill.

Some form of sweet is included in almost all army rations, and, because of its popularity, honey is very acceptable in this connection. It has a beneficial mildly laxative effect, and introduces a pleasing variety in the diet which makes it particularly wholesome.

THE BUYING AND USING OF HONEY

If honey is to be substituted in the diet as a matter of economy, it must be procured at the producers. By using the parcel post as a means of transportation, the cost will be materially lessened. The extracted honey is shipped in five-gallon cans by some producers, just as it comes from the extracting machines, and must be strained, liquefied (in some cases), and bottled by the consumer. This saves the cost of all these operations and will make the honey very economical if bought in large quantities. Honey should be kept in a dry place as it absorbs moisture and is likely to sour and spoil. A dry warm place is better for it than a cool damp one; the least desirable place is the refrigerator.

In cooking with honey there are two points to be remembered. If it is used in place of molasses, care should be taken to reduce the amount of soda used, as molasses is more acid than honey. A cupful of honey needs only one-fourth to one-half a level teaspoonful of soda. If it is used in place of sugar, the fact that each cupful of honey contains about one-fourth cupful of water should be remembered when measuring the liquid for the recipe. By using less liquid in that proportion than the recipe calls for, good results will be obtained.

Honey may be used in place of sugar in cake-making, with excellent results. It adds a pleasant flavour and keeps the cake moist longer. A honey cake made without butter will keep fresh for months and will improve with age in flavour,

while one made with butter will keep its flavour until the butter grows rancid. The dough itself can be kept almost indefinitely and can be kneaded more easily if allowed to stand several days. Icing made with honey has the same advantage that honey cakes have, as it will keep soft for months.

By far the most general use of honey in cookery is for cakes of various kinds, and almost every kind is represented, from elaborate fruit cakes to simple cookies. As the honey flavour combines well with spices, many of these cakes are on the gingerbread order, and, because honey keeps the cakes fresh, it is used extensively by commercial bakers. The simpler forms will be preferred by busy housewives.

HONEY CAKES AND FILLINGS

Rub one-half cup of butter and one cup of honey together; add a well-beaten egg and one-half cup of sour milk. Sift in four cups of flour, into which has been sifted one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one-half teaspoonful of ginger. Bake in a shallow pan and cut in squares.

Mix one-half cup of sugar and one-half cup of honey and boil until the syrup will spin a thread when dropped from a spoon. Beat the yolks of four eggs until light; pour over them the syrup and beat until cold; then add one cup of sifted flour and cut and fold the beaten whites of the eggs into the mixture. Bake for forty or fifty minutes in a pan lined with buttered paper, in a slow oven.

A very delicious filling for a plain or spice layer cake is crystallized honey spread between the layers, varying the amount according to the taste.

The following recipe makes a cake which will appeal to children because of its flavour and shape. Heat three-fourths of a cup of honey and one-fourth of a cup of butter until the butter melts. While warm add one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-eighth teaspoonful of cloves and let stand till cold. Dissolve one-half teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of water; beat one egg well and add to the honey. Sift one and one-half or two cups of flour and add to the mixture a little at a time, stirring in a cup of raisins cut into small pieces. All the flour may not be necessary, but enough should be added to make a dough that will hold its shape. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered tin and bake in a moderate oven. The cakes, which are delicious and wholesome, are appreciated alike by children and grownups.

(Continued on page 94)

Mlle FERNANDE CABANEL
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Walter Crane designed for Christmas a
May Day card!

The Story of the Christmas Card

(Continued from page 61)

Christmas cards, just as there are now, but those cards of yesterday have not, on the whole, been surpassed in their Christmas atmosphere by the cards which have followed them. May a renaissance of their spirit come to pass!

Cards and Their Makers

After Sir Henry Cole's successful card appeared—that it was successful is attested by Messrs. De la Rue's reproduction of it in 1881 by chromo-lithography attests—many card printers entered the field with Christmas cards. I can well imagine that the firm of R. Canton were immediate followers of the 1846 experiment, for as early as 1840 Canton was well known through his publishing numerous sets of valentine and birthday cards. T. Sulman and Dean & Sons must have likewise been alert in this line. Elliott of Bucklesbury has been credited with the introduction of chromo-lithographed Christmas cards and 1858 is put as the date of the first Christmas cards with designs in relief stamped in colors. Before 1850 cards were colored by stencilling or hand-colored. The more elaborately embossed cards were the product of a Fleet Street card publisher, Thierry by name, who was the first publisher to develop the Christmas card trade to anything like remarkable proportions. Messrs. Goodall, however, have probably best claim to be the first Christmas card publishers about whose products we have authentic date information. They issued a series of Christmas cards designed by C. H. Bennett in 1864 followed by other Bennett sets up to 1867.

By the time the '70s arrived the Christmas card must have become firmly established. The period 1878 to 1888 has been put as the one in which the finest cards were produced.

Of course, the Christmas card collector—there are such persons; Mr. Jonathan King had, some twenty years ago over 150,000 different Christmas cards mounted in some 700 volumes!—will prize the earliest examples even though they may not be so beautiful, and fortunate indeed is he who may chance upon the Cole card of 1846!

American Cards

Louis Prang of Boston was the pioneer of Christmas card publishers in America. Prang was born in Prussia but left Germany in 1848 as he refused to bend to Prussian slavery. He had taken part in anti-autocratic revolutionary activities and in 1850 sought a home in the Land of the Free, becoming loyally attached

to the home of his adoption. Being of Norman-Huguenot stock, it is not strange that he sought liberty rather than Prussian spiritual disintegration. In 1856 Prang founded his famous lithographic establishment in Boston. The early floral, fruit, bird and other fancy cards printed in gay colors and used by merchants throughout the country in the period following the Civil War and later the Centennial Exposition of 1876 suggested to Mrs. O. E. Whitney the suitability of such designs being issued for sale at Christmas time with "Merry Christmas" printed upon them. These cards were immediately popular and the demand for them immense. The Prang firm employed the best artists and their work not only equalled but surpassed that of the English firms. Exhibited at the Vienna Exhibition it inspired the Austrians and the Germans to enter the field, but the German cards never equalled the Prang products, nor, as a matter of fact, the English cards of Marcus Ward, Raphael Tuck, Eyre & Spottiswood, De la Rue or other famous English Christmas card producers.

American Artists Compete

The Prangs held several Christmas card design competitions, the first in 1880, when Samuel Colman, Richard M. Hunt, E. C. Moore of Messrs. Tiffany & Co. were judges. The judges of the last contest were Samuel Colman, John LaFarge and Louis C. Tiffany. The designs contributed were by the foremost artists of the day and were later exhibited in the leading cities of the United States. Among the prize-winners were Elihu Vedder, whose mural paintings came later to lend dignity to the decoration of the Library of Congress in Washington; Dora Wheeler, Charles Caryl Coleman, Rosina Emmet, C. D. Weldon, Will H. Low, Thomas Moran, Frederick Dielman. Among other artists who designed cards for Prang and whose names were later to become noted in the annals of American art were F. G. Atwood, Reginald B. Birch, William M. Chase, F. S. Church, Palmer Cox (inventor of the Brownies), Paul de Longpré, the famous flower-painter of bygone days but a master unapproached by today's moderns; Abbott H. Thayer, Thure de Thulstrup, Frederick Waugh, J. Carroll Beckwith, T. W. Dewing, E. H. Blashfield, J. Alden Weir and Douglas Volk. Celia Thaxter and other noted writers contributed verses and "sentiments" for the designs.



Personal card of 1892,
by W. Midgley



A young lady amid buttercups for Christmas, 1880



An 1879 English card designed by Walter Crane

The Story of the Christmas Card

I think the excellence of the American cards of the '80s inspired our English cousins to maintain their own happy traditions in this field and to enter into helpful competition. In America we welcomed and always had room for English cards and in England American cards were as eagerly sought. Germany had room only for "Made in Germany" cards and never, I think, could the Germans understand why their cheaply produced cards did not drive those of Prang or of Marcus Ward, of Raphael Tuck and of the others out of our own markets.

Victorian Cards

Marcus Ward produced pictorial English cards as early as 1867 and Kate Greenaway, Walter Crane, H. Stacy Marks and other noted designers lent lustre to their publications. Already the Christmas card was emerging from its stencilled stage and it was Andrew Lang who then wrote in *Art's Martyr*

"Such awful colors as are blest
On terrible placards,
Where flames the fierce advertisement,
Yea; or on Christmas Cards
(Not Ward's
But common Christmas cards)."

These new cards likewise diverted the Young Ladies who had, in the early South Kensington-Victorian Period, directed their efforts to those hand-painted atrocities of the Bunthorne days which led one poet to cry

"She is painting, she is painting
And her friends grow pale and thin
For fear she'll send them hollyhocks,
And Mullen Stocks,
And Jabberwocks
On painted plaques
When Christmas time comes in!"



Private English Christmas card

Some of the finest Christmas cards lack the signatures of their artists but identification is not difficult where the designs were contributed by master-artists. Thus the designs by Sir John Millais, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, G. D. Leslie, Marcus Stone, Sir E. Poynter, R. Anning Bell are as easily identified as those by Kate Greenaway, Randolph Caldecott, Walter Crane or his brother, Thomas Crane, who designed the beautiful square flower cards for Marcus Ward.

Private Cards

As early as 1876—undoubtedly earlier—the private Christmas card first made its appearance,—a private Christmas card lithographed in six colors for J. Goddard of Leicester, England, bears that date. Artists of late years have designed their own Christmas cards, many of these being etched or engraved by them personally. R. W. Macbeth, Axel H. Haig, Alfred East, Herbert Dicksee, E. H. New and Sidney Heath are among the first English artists to engrave their private cards.

There is, of course, an intimacy in the personally designed private Christmas card that is so much more in keeping with the spirit and cheer of Christmas time than the cold, formal, rigid affair, which, after all, is little better than an enlarged visiting card.

These new years are bringing us more intimately together, and let us hope that if ever the story of to-morrow's Christmas cards comes to be written, the chronicler will find that something of yesterday's true joyousness is given them to correct the "rut of printed greetings" into which—there are happy exceptions, of course,—we have, of late been in danger of falling into.

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Mary Dale Clarke

Helen MacKellar is supporting Richard
Bennett in "The Unknown Purple"—a
play of many thrills

SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 75)

Corneille, La Fontaine, Beaumarchais, de Vigny, De Musset, Augier, Dumas fils, de Banville, Brieux, Hervieu, Donnay, Bataille, Bernstein, Capus, and Claudel. There is not a single piece in the entire list of thirty-two that is not more worthy of attention than nine out of ten of the plays that are ordinarily produced in the American theatre. Furthermore, we are assured by the general competence of the company that each of these representative works of French dramatic literature will be adequately acted; and we know from past experience that all of them will be staged with intelligence and with excellent taste.

AN IMPORTANT PROGRAMME

By virtue of this programme, the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier deserves to be heralded as the most important theatre in America. In fact, there is no other institution in this country that can even be considered in the same class. The only drawback to a general appreciation of the great service that is being rendered by M. Copeau and his company is the fact that the majority of our theatre-going population can not understand the French language; but surely in New York there is a sufficient number of cultivated people who have lived in France to crowd the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier at every performance. The fact that the theatre is not yet crowded is merely an indication that the glad tidings of its excellence have not yet been conveyed with sufficient emphasis to the proper people.

Think, for a moment, what it would mean to all of us if some American manager should found an analogous theatre in New York which should render to our English drama the same sort of service that M. Copeau is performing for the French. Think of the privilege of attending the same theatre once a week for twenty-five successive weeks, and always seeing a good play, by an important author, well acted and beautifully staged. That such an institution can be organized has been proved by Jacques Copeau; but if ever an American manager should reveal sufficient vision and sufficient enterprise to found a similar theatre for the English drama, those of us who habitually follow the

traffic of the stage would feel that the millennium had come.

"THE SECRET"

Five years ago, "The Secret," by Henry Bernstein, was produced in English by David Belasco, with Frances Starr in the leading rôle, and achieved a notable success in the American theatre. It was doubtless for this reason that the play was selected by M. Copeau as the initial offering of his current programme; for it was to be assumed that theatre-goers who were not familiar with the French language would probably prefer to see a piece with which they had been made acquainted previously. Otherwise, it would be difficult to understand this choice; for "Le Secret" is neither a great drama nor an important work of literature, but merely a technical achievement of unusual adroitness.

The work of Henry Bernstein is already so well known in America that it is scarcely necessary to state that his plays are nothing more than *tours de force*. His plots are cleverly constructed, his characters are true to life, his dialogue is pithy and compact; and yet we always feel by instinct that he is not a great dramatist. The reason for this feeling is that he never heightens our interest in life nor adds to our understanding of it. He lacks the God-given ability to make us care about his characters. We see them suffer, but we do not take them to our hearts and feel their sufferings as our own. His work is too objective, too abstract, to appeal to us as human. But, considered solely as a craftsman, he is one of the most ingenious mechanicians of the drama in the present period.

In "Le Secret," M. Bernstein, for a full half of his play, allows us to think that his heroine is one sort of person; and then turns about, in the second half of the second act, and shows us that she is a totally different sort of person. Amazed at the contradiction of the two opinions of her character which we have held successively, we find ourselves still groping for an explanation of this personal enigma. This explanation is afforded in the third and final act. The author has deferred his exposition till

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Abbe
Wilda Bennett dances her way
into popularity in the "Girl Be-
hind the Gun"

SEEN on the STAGE

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the end of the play, instead of giving it at the beginning. Thereby, he has created what may be called an analytical suspense—a suspense of asking not, "What happens next?" but, "Why did these things happen?"

A considerable section of the second act runs parallel to the third act of "Othello," with the heroine playing the part of Iago; but as yet we have seen no reason to suspect that she is not a generous and honest woman. It is as if Shakspeare had allowed us to see Iago only as he appeared to the eyes of his general—"This fellow's of exceeding honesty"—and had not permitted us to perceive the error until it became evident to Othello himself. Instead of taking the audience into his confidence, as Shakspeare did, M. Bernstein has deliberately deceived his auditors for half the play and then employed the other half to undeceive them. This procedure is not only novel but astonishingly clever; yet, on the other hand, it remains a little bewildering and can scarcely be accepted as a refutation of the traditional maxim that it is unwise to keep a secret from the audience.

"LE MARIAGE DE FIGARO"

"Le Mariage de Figaro" is one of the most entertaining comedies of all time. Age can not wither it nor custom stale; and the recent production of this piece at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier offered an opportunity for sheer enjoyment that is seldom to be met with in the American theatre. Of course, this celebrated play is not devoid of faults. The plot is too complex, too inconsecutive, too incoherent; and the text is much too long for modern taste. Furthermore, a certain number of the incidents are excessively improbable—the situation, for example, in which the ugly old duenna who is suing Figaro for breach of promise turns out to be his long-lost mother. But, on the other hand, the characters are richly humorous and really human, and the dialogue is wonderfully spirited and witty.

There is a special reason why this comedy should be welcomed in America at the present time. When our thirteen colonies were struggling to establish their existence as free and independent states, they had no greater nor more potent friend than Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais. This clever

son of a clock-maker of Paris ultimately claimed to have done more than any other man in Europe toward rendering America free; and this claim has been substantiated more and more by recent historical investigations. And now, when we are gloriously answering "Nous voilà" to the soldier, Lafayette, and to the sailor, Rochambeau, we should not forget the witty man of the world who did so much to render popular the new political opinions that soon enfranchised all the nations that were lucky enough to live westward of the Rhine.

On its face, "Le Mariage de Figaro" was merely a comedy of intrigue, compounded freely from materials borrowed unblushingly from many pre-existent authors; but Beaumarchais was clever enough to bury many incendiary ideas beneath his witty verbiage, as an army of Huns might bury bombs beneath the ruins of an evacuated city. The piece was long prohibited by the censor; but Beaumarchais advertised this interdiction to such excellent effect that when the first public performance was permitted, at the Odéon on April 27, 1784, three people were crushed to death in the mob that stormed the portals of the theatre. The hundreds who were lucky enough to get inside were treated to a witty exposition of that new political philosophy which succeeded, only five years later, in overturning the *ancien régime*. The opinions of Figaro are not yet out of date. In fact, they have recently recurred very frequently in many of the letters to mankind at large that have been written by Woodrow Wilson.

The performance of this famous play exhibited to the very best advantage the varied talents of the actors of the Vieux Colombier; and the scenic arrangements, the costumes, and the lighting were unusually beautiful.

YVETTE GUILBERT

It is a pleasure to announce that the greatest living artist who does anything of any kind upon the stage is still with us in America. On October twenty-fourth, Yvette Guilbert inaugurated a new series of Thursday matinees and Sunday evenings at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. The programme was composed of a group of songs and ballads dealing with the lives of outlaws in France and in America. Most of the

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6568 Earring.
Silverite. Cluster
of Fishson Crystals
Sapphire center



1558 Ring.
Pierced mounting
of Fishson Crystals.
Sapphire center
Sterling



1286 Ring.
Sterling. Sapphire in
a paved setting of
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6505 Earring.
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Cluster set with
Fishson Crystals



1520 Ring. Hand
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1565 Ring. Sterling
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ring, in good taste
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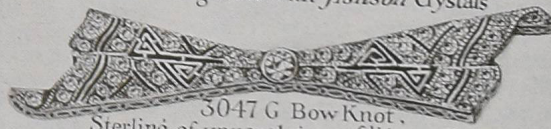
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SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 85)

French items were written by the famous *chansonnier*, Aristide Bruant; and Mme. Guilbert also rendered in English several American cowboy songs. In both languages, her work was marvellous; and there is nothing to report from the initial performance except the reassuring fact that several of the most noted actors and actresses of the American theatre were seated in the house and were obviously overwhelmed by the inimitable art of the great woman on the stage.

War, in general, deserves the anathema that was hurled against it by General Sherman; but the present war is not without its compensations, since it has sent to our shores Yvette Guilbert and the company of Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. To President Wilson's fourteen conditions of peace, another should be added: we should refuse to agree to any settlement of the affairs of Europe which does not require these delightful artists to remain in America. What would be the use of winning peace if we should lose Yvette Guilbert?

"THE BETTER 'OLE"

The British are not so witty as the French, nor so humorous as the Irish; but they are the most good-humoured people in the world, with the possible exception of their younger cousins on the hither side of the Atlantic. When the history of this great war comes ultimately to be analyzed, it may be found that two factors contributed beyond all others to the winning of the ultimate victory—first, the dauntless valour of the French and, second, the undefeated good-humour of the British.

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather is one of half a dozen or a dozen artists who have been made famous by the curious chances of the war. Before 1914, he had long been drawing pictures with a pencil and a paint brush; but nobody had ever heard of him. Then, he went to the front with Kitchener's first hundred thousand; and, to relieve the tedium of life in the trenches, he took to making sketches, on odd scraps of paper, of humorous incidents that had occurred spontaneously amid the mud and misery of Flanders. Some of these he sent home, addressed to the editors of various magazines; and, on the occasion of his first leave to "blighty," he was utterly amazed to discover that his name had become a household word among millions of people. Among all the cartoonists who have been pushed into prominence by the present world occasion, no other is now more noted except that vigorous unneutral, neutral, Louis Raemaekers—citizen of Holland and pathfinder for the world.

Captain Bairnsfather is not a great draftsman, nor even a particularly able artist from any technical point of view. But he was endowed by nature with a special aptitude for appreciating and recording the good-humour of the British Tommy amid moments of adversity. In those actions which are now generally known as the first and second battles of Ypres, nothing saved the line and saved the channel ports except the quite miraculous ability of the British and Canadian troops to accept the most terrific punishment as a sort of sublimated joke. This spirit has been recorded more eloquently through the cartoons of Captain Bairnsfather than through any other medium. This famous humorist has told us that his most good-humoured jokes—those jokes that have been laughed at by millions of people—were conceived and elaborated at moments of great misery when the only alternatives that could be thought of were to draw a funny picture or go mad. Some of his drawings were pro-

duced "in hospital"—like Henley's poems—when he was lying on a cot. Perhaps they are the funniest of all.

Captain Bairnsfather has disclaimed in public any credit for invention; he claims, rather, that the humorous incidents that he has recorded have all been repeated from first-hand observation. His famous characters—Old Bill, and Alf, and Bert, and all the rest—were actual before his vision as an artist transfigured them into reality. His humour is not personal and private—it is, instead, the humour of two million men of England who have wallowed in the slime of Flanders, and done their bit, and taken whatever might be coming to them, for the sake of something not quite comprehensible, but vaguely beautiful and recognizably uproarious, which called upon them to keep smiling, lest they should suddenly be snatched away by death at some moment when a smile was absent from their lips.

The entertainment entitled "The Better 'Ole" is a dramatization of Captain Bairnsfather's drawings, made by the artist himself in collaboration with a colleague, Captain Arthur Eliot. From the technical point of view, this entertainment is amateurish, both in the original sense and in the debased sense of this equivocal word that is so often used and so seldom understood. The plot is artificial and incredible; many of the stage devices are inexpedient and unprofessional; but the characters are real, the dialogue is richly humorous, and the general tone of the intention is fresh and free and thoroughly delightful.

It is not at all excessive to assert that "The Better 'Ole" is the most entertaining of all the many war plays that have been produced in New York since the autumn of 1914. If war is hell—as General Sherman stated—it follows logically that war must also be as funny as hell; and, though a printing of this syllogism might have seemed profane in former years, the reader will perhaps be willing to accept it now as an indication of the mood of this ingratiating and delightful entertainment.

"The Better 'Ole" has been produced in quite the proper spirit, at the Greenwich Village Theatre, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Coburn. The cast is excellent; the incidental music, directed by Elliott Schenck, is finely rendered; and the scenery, designed and painted by Ernest Albert, is more than merely adequate. The practiced hand of Percival Knight is evident in the verve and gusto of the stage direction. Considered all in all, the first American production of "The Better 'Ole" must be regarded as a very fine occasion.

"THE RIDDLE: WOMAN"

"The Riddle: Woman"—despite an enigmatic title which shows no pertinence to the text—is a play that is soundly based and solidly erected. In fact, the workmanship of this dramatic fabric is so admirable from the technical point of view that the observer is reminded quite emphatically of the forgotten days of twenty years ago. This piece was adapted from the Danish of C. Jacobi by Charlotte L. Wells and Dorothy Donnelly. Most of us are already acquainted with Miss Wells as a poet and with Miss Donnelly as an actress; but the unknown C. Jacobi must have been a rather clever person in his time. We should be duly thankful to his two American adaptors for drawing attention to his prowess.

"The Riddle: Woman" is a well-made play ("*une pièce bien faite*"); and it is rather a relief, in the present desultory period, to see a drama that

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has been consistently and conscientiously constructed. It is also a relief to see a piece that is excellently acted in all of its important parts. The cast of this production includes Bertha Kalich, Albert Bruning, Chrystal Herne, and A. E. Anson. All of these excellent performers add honour to their noted names; and the obvious delight of the theatre-going public at the opportunity to welcome a serious rendition of a serious drama will afford them a sufficient recompense.

The play, though excellent according to its kind, is so thoroughly traditional that it does not warrant a detailed analysis. In this instance, the parts are greater than the whole; for the acting is more memorable than the text. Bertha Kalich is a very fine artist—so fine that it would not be easy to assemble a jury of her peers to pass judgment on her work; and, in the present production, her efforts are very ably seconded by those of the featured members of her company.

"PERKINS"

Before the eyes of his own public, Henry Miller has become a mystery. His theatre is the most beautiful and tasteful in New York, with the single exception of The Little Theatre; and it is always an æsthetic joy to step into this theatre and to become, for an evening, the guest of Mr. Miller. He is one of the ablest stage directors in this country, and assuredly the finest of the so-called older school. His productions, according to their kind, are always utterly impeccable. But—by some perversity of mind—he has surrendered, in recent years, to a habit of producing plays that, in themselves, are unworthy of serious consideration.

"Perkins," if produced by anybody else, would have been sneered immediately off the stage and would have been sent summarily to the storehouse to join "Anthony in Wonderland" and "The Fountain of Youth." But the obvious merits of the acting and the stage-direction disposed the immediate reviewers to be rather more than charitable toward the play. The sad truth appears to be that either Mr. Miller is deficient in the faculty for picking plays or else that he is ill advised. In either case, it is almost pitiable to see him wasting his talents on the production of such a piece as "Perkins."

"Perkins" is the new name bestowed by Mr. Miller upon a comedy by Douglas Murray which was originally produced in London under the title of "The Man from Toronto." The piece is utterly lacking in originality. It starts out with the idea that two people who have never seen each other are condemned to ultimate marriage by the perversity of a very rich old man who has made his will to this effect and died. When the hero is about to call upon the heroine, she decides to receive him not in her own person but in the guise of her parlour maid. Thereby, she attests her faith in the theory that she is more familiar with the text of "She Stoops to Conquer" than the man from Toronto. She wins this bet. The uncouth hero has never heard of Goldsmith's comedy, nor even seen so recent a rifacimento of this famous work as "Come Out of the Kitchen." Consequently, he falls into the net that has been spread by the heroine. But,

of course, the progress of the plot is very dull, since it has been foreseen, since the earliest moments of the initial act, by everybody in the front of the house. Why Mr. Miller should waste his time on the production of such a worthless play as this remains a mystery.

"NOT WITH MY MONEY"

It is a sad day for the public when successful authors begin to fish up forgotten manuscripts that have long lain dormant in their trunks. It is scarcely possible for a critical observer to resist an inclination to believe that "Not With My Money," by Edward Clark, was written before "De Luxe Annie" and "Coat Tales." Mr. Clark, in the recent past, has deserved consideration by virtue chiefly of his cleverness and his originality; but the present piece is neither original nor clever. In subject matter, it repeats the basic theme of "Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford; and, in treatment, is also entirely traditional.

We are introduced, at the outset, to a "confidence man" who has honestly decided to reform. He picks up a paper and reads an advertisement asking for a person who is competent to superintend the dispersal of a charitable fund of seven million dollars. The existence of this advertisement taxes our credulity; and the ease with which the "confidence man" secures the job draws still further against our willingness to accept the necessary antecedent subject matter for the play.

The hero of this "crook comedy" attains his objects without undergoing any struggle that is fought out on the stage. The decisive moments of the argument are assumed to occur off stage, behind the hero's back. This is the reason why the story is not so dramatic in its rendering as it ought to be. "Not With My Money" is one of the many plays that fail because the author has neglected to make the best use of his material.

"A STITCH IN TIME"

Among the many projects of the theatre, the Cinderella story is one of those that always in the past have proved most popular. This project, in recent seasons, was successfully employed by Edward Childs Carpenter in "The Cinderella Man" and was transmuted into eternal literature by Sir James Mathew Barrie in "A Kiss for Cinderella."

After these examples, it might have seemed a little temerarious for Oliver D. Bailey and Lottie M. Meaney to launch another version of the self-same story, entitled "A Stitch in Time." But, since Mr. Bailey is one of the lessees of the Fulton Theatre, the reason for this exhibition remains no longer problematical. "A Stitch in Time," like "Perkins," is one of those plays that remind the public of many other pieces that have been witnessed in the past. Just as "Perkins" is reminiscent of Goldsmith's memorable masterpiece, "A Stitch in Time" is reminiscent, at its climax, of "Lady Windermere's Fan." This pointed instance, however, is only one of many in a piece that is thoroughly cut and dried. The leading part is acted very well by Irene Fenwick; but many of the other characters are badly played.



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Very extraordinary and very chic was the small black satin hat worn recently at the Avignon. Monkey fur fell well below the edge of the hat in front and quite to the shoulder in the back



ITS HEART ON ITS SLEEVE

(Continued from page 37)

Very lovely she looked as she spoke from one of the booths, wearing a gown of black velvet with a band of sable running straight down the front and a similar band at the back accentuating the slender length of her figure. With this she wore a cape of black velours collared with sable and a tobacco brown velvet hat crowning her bright hair.

Velvet has undoubtedly become one of the most popular fabrics of the season. One sees it everywhere, in all sorts of articles of apparel. Many of the best looking hats of the season are made of this material combined with fur. Mrs. William Woodward is wearing a smart hat of black velvet with a

turned-up brim of beaver. This supplements one of the severely simple well-tailored suits which Mrs. Woodward usually wears. In this case, it is made of a dull grey cloth with a deep opening at the front from which a one-sided lingerie frill emerges. Tiny lingerie frills flare out below the sleeves.

Grey is also the colour of the smartly simple suit which Mrs. Perry Belmont is wearing with an exceedingly good looking hat and fox furs. This hat is taupe in colour, high of crown, with an infinitesimal rolling brim and, around the very top of the crown, thin pompoms of fine taupe feathers.

Trimmings of these bristling feathers of the softer ostrich, put on in such a way as to form an open fringe, and of the new monkey fur are one of the most interesting recent developments in millinery. Very extraordinary and very chic is the small black satin hat worn recently at the Avignon, the restaurant which has lately been opened under the Ritz management in one of the new apartment houses on Park Avenue. The fur, which was of extraordinary length, was apparently put on in a flat circle on the crown of the hat, and it fell over the edge well below the hat at the front and quite to the shoulder at the back. When the wearer moved her head the effect was extraordinary in the extreme.

The Victorian hat is still with us, and is always very smart and becoming when rightly made. The real chic in the Victorian hat consists in keeping it small, and this fact was evidently understood thoroughly by the wearer of the little black velvet hat trimmed with long curling cock feathers with beautiful dull lights, who lunched at the Ritz the other afternoon.



The chic in the Victorian hat consists in keeping it small like this trifle of black velvet and curling cock feathers seen at the Ritz. With this was worn one of the black velours capes for which there is such a vogue; it was collared with beaver, one of the smart furs of the season

This small shy daughter of Nippon ventured out on the Avenue clad in vermillion and gold and a vast determination to hang onto her escorting sailor's hand at all costs save those of securing one more Bond buyer to add to her already long list



THESE ALSO FIGHT FOR FRANCE

(Continued from page 51)

them. But after they get over there, we hear very little about them. Nobody begs you to make them sweaters or write them letters. Who does look after them? What can they do with themselves in the few hours that they have off duty? How do they live when they aren't working in the wards? What kind of recreation can they have in their free time?"

The answer to all this lies in the reports of the redoubtable questioner—the Y. W. itself. In twenty base hospitals there are club rooms for the nurses; tennis and polo grounds have been turned over to them for recreational purposes in one place; musical programmes and parties are held wherever possible; tea is served at the hours when the nurses are going on and off duty; French classes are held and have become very popular; there is a little quiet vesper service on Sunday evenings, to remind one of things so easy to forget in the mad life that allows so little time for thought. And after the vesper service there is apt to be cinnamon toast and chocolate, which, after all, is quite in accord with the custom established in Galilee two thousand years ago about feeding the multitude. As for the club rooms themselves, here is a snapshot of one of them.

THE Y. W. C. A. CLUB ROOM

"A background of soft gold coloured curtains against which one sees shaded lights, antique bits of furniture, odd pieces of pottery and china, comfortable chairs, books, couches piled with soft green and gold pillows, and a piano. More than one girl said as she looked around the room on the opening night, 'I know we are just going to love this place.' Another said as she sat on a couch with me for a moment, looking on at the others, 'We're usually too tired to think for ourselves. It's so good to have some one to think for us.'"

"A private who stuck his head in the other day said wistfully, 'We certainly do envy the nurses this house.' And well they may. We have not only the living-room, with its gold coloured lights and hangings, but the office, the kitchen, the storeroom, and, best of all, a little rest room with two beds with white covers and rose coloured comforters, hot water bottles, rose shades on the lights, and little curtained windows.

"A convalescent private has been detailed to keep up our fires in the stoves. A French maid who looks like a gnome out of Grimm's Fairy Tales clumps about the hut in her little wooden shoes, keeping things clean and neat; nurses drop in all ready for an easy chair beside the fire in which to read their letters from home, or to make a cup of bouillon in the middle of the morning, or to sing a bit, gathered about the piano before they go home."

As for the telephone girls and stenographers, they are the forerunners of an army of American Waacs, the Y. W. C. A. believes. And when it remembers the work done by the English Y. W. C. A. for these splendid women, it draws a long breath and prepares for unlimited action. Every two weeks six hundred English girls, nearly all of them strangers to each other, are hustled into barracks in London on their way to the front. One of the initial acts of the Administrator of the Waacs was to turn to the Y. W. C. A. to organize recreation in England and in France—in short, to do for the Auxiliary Corps just what the Y. M. C. A. does for the Army. The American "Y. W." has shouldered its responsibility for American women war workers, and the first thing all units do—college, medical, signal corps, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. canteen—is to head straight

for the Hotel Petrograd the moment they land in Paris. Twelve hundred women patronized it, most of them several times, between December and May of last year, and when one realizes that it is the most thoroughly American thing in Paris, that even the chambermaids talk English, and that it is run by the American Y. W. C. A. at a loss in order to be within the salary requirements of the average woman war worker, one doesn't wonder at the extravagant words of praise from some of its previously homesick young guests. Near the Madeleine, the Opéra, the American Express, and the Red Cross Headquarters, the Hotel Petrograd has its accommodation limit of two hundred taxed to the utmost all the time, and a casual glance around the dining-room any evening gives one a full list of American feminine uniforms.

IN POOR DISTRACTED RUSSIA

Petrograd naturally recalls that other and less agreeable field of Y. W. C. A. activity—poor distracted Russia, de-Romanoffed, to be sure, but super-Trotskyed to the verge of nightmare. The American secretaries were on the ground, and their work was progressing phenomenally before the revolution. Small wonder—considering the type of women—that they refused to leave it for a few bombs and Bolsheviks.

In Moscow the Y. W. C. A. began by giving its time-honoured parties for the girls of two of the big department stores. They came enthusiastically, to the delight of the Russian Committee ladies, most of whom had lost their estates and were devoting their lives to philanthropy. That they were really worth bothering over, these thin little things in short skirts and big braids, was proved by the fact that when the classes opened they didn't choose the frothier subjects. They chose Russian first of all, their own beautiful and difficult language. And then they chose—what so few American girls would ever think of studying unless they simply couldn't get out of it—arithmetic. In Petrograd, too, the interest was so keen that two hundred girls, many of whom worked from eight to six and had to trudge long distances on foot to be present, met to study Russian, French, bookkeeping, arithmetic, stenography, singing, and gymnastics by the light of two small oil lamps and a couple of candles. That they studied English goes without saying. As in the case of the French *ouvrières*, they clamoured for pictures of the American girl, and one doesn't have to be told that many of the brightest of them are planning to emigrate after the war.

THE DAUNTLESS WOMEN IN GREY

And so in Russia, as well as in France, there are girls who thrill to the thought of America and its chance for everybody, as interpreted by the dauntless women in grey who have gone to them and stayed with them despite danger, despite fatigue, and privation, and loneliness, and oftentimes the scattering of their work before they have had time to see the results they hoped for.

In Lyon there were two secretaries, workers at the *Mess Féminin* run by the Y. W. C. A. in conjunction with a committee of Frenchwomen for the munition workers at the Parc d'Artillerie. One day, these secretaries got a little letter that somehow sums up the gratitude of young France, France that fills shells, France that works unheard of hours at unheard of tasks, and sometimes dies like Lucienne, and always works and dreams like Léonie, the writer.

(Continued on page 90)



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TAILLEURS
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The Poetic Drama

(Continued from page 71)



tween Goldsmith and Young, naming the characteristics of each. It is because of him and his school of thought that boys are encouraged to write essays on Shenstone, instead of turning out something of their own. Sainte Beuve has had more to do with the early destruction of young literary talent than any other man in Europe.

The opposing type of mind, the creative type, is the one which keeps alive on the earth something for the critics to talk about. The operations of this type of mind are unmistakable. The creative impulse always manifests itself by copying something. You can observe this in the nearest talented child. Tell him a story: he tells you one on the following day. So of a song, or a picture. The creative impulse always begins by imitation, and in the act of imitation it becomes nourished, directed, stimulated, transplanted into the craft, till composition has become a habit and a living process of the mind itself. At the age of twelve, Tennyson wrote an epic of six thousand lines, and similar stories are told of most of the poets and artists.

PERHAPS it will be thought that I am wandering away from the subject of the Poetic Drama. But in reality such a drama will be restored through someone who is now writing epics in the nursery, and will be acclaimed and sustained by people who at one period

or another of their youth have tried to write them.

Consider the nature of poetry. It begins in the nursery with Mother Goose, fables and ballads. The ballad is at the bottom of all literature just as the folk-song is at the bottom of the symphony. A little later come the essays, the diversions, poems, squibs and dramas of inchoate youth. Later still appear the *vers de société* and the correspondence of social life, together with all that unpublished currency of belles-lettres which has always existed during every literary epoch and will re-appear as soon as such an epoch begins to dawn again.

All of these things grow on the same root,—an interest in the past, and an instinctive desire to rival something or to keep something alive. This is the paradox of art:—It looks backwards and it shines forward. Spenser describes King Arthur and inspires Keats. The Vista is the all in all in every form of human expression.

If you neglect the classics, English poetry will go to the board, and be lost with the classics that you have neglected. It has gone by the board in America; and both English poetry, and the classics behind them, must be recovered by the same methods through which Giotto and his companions recovered the arts in Italy;—through study, and a recurrence to good models, through familiarity with old idioms and old inspiration.

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KNIT YOUR BIT FOR THE
RED CROSS

*"Gets"

THESE ALSO FIGHT FOR FRANCE

(Continued from page 89)

"Dear Ladies:—

"When you read this letter you will think I am very bold and silly to dare to write to you, I who am so little compared with you; but I feel sure that you are both so noble and sincere by nature that you will be a bit indulgent toward a young girl of the Mess who admires you and loves you greatly.

"As an excuse for my action, which must seem very bold to you, I will admit to you that your country has fascinated me for a long time; I know the enlightenment, the independence, and the greatness of America, and it seems to me that one ought to live happily there, unless perhaps it is a dream, since happiness is not of this world.

"You passed my way, and when I saw you at the Mess, so kind and gracious, I could not resist the impulse to thank you for the moments of cheer that you bring among us, and to write some verses for you, which shall be a souvenir of a very foolish bold little French girl, for I am sure that I am the only one who has been so bold. Can you forgive me, dear ladies? You see I can not refrain from speaking to you as to two friends, although I know that a great distance separates us, so if my letter displeases you, I beg of you not to be angry with me; tear up this paper and think no more of it. But I shall be so happy to know you are not angry, dear ladies; you are so good that I go so far as to ask you to be kind enough to send me a word and tell me that you are not too displeased. But if you are,

on the contrary, dear ladies, don't send me anything. But then I shall never dare to come back to the Mess for fear that some day you may recognize me.

"Hoping for your good will, please accept my most respectful devotion.

UNE AMIE DE FRANCE."

And here are the verses, just as Léonie wrote them in her lunch hour:

"Chères Miss, généreuses et bonnes,
"Que voulez, aux cœurs attristés,
"Rendre l'espoir et la gaieté,
"En vous l'Amérique rayonne,
"Dans sa noblesse souveraine,
"Et je salue avec fierté
"Ce pays, fleur de liberté,
"Que peut tout captiver sans peine.

"Pour notre France, j'ai rêvé
"Votre indépendance idéale,
"Et lorsque votre main loyale
"S'est étendue pour la sauver
"J'ai compris que pour elle enfin
"La victoire sera certaine,
"Car une indivisible chaîne,
"Unira nos patries demain.

"En attendant l'heure bénie,
"Bien que peu de chose auprès de vous,
"Chères Miss, me permettez vous
"De vous appeler sœurs chéries?
"Peut-être un proche avenir
"Vous éloignera sans retour:
"Mais dans mon cœur pour toujours
"Brillera votre souvenir.

"LÉONIE."

THE ART OF BORIS ANISFELD

(Continued from page 69)

and a Jewish mother. Showing an early aptitude for drawing he was sent at the age of sixteen to the Odessa School of Art where he studied under Ladijinsky and Kostandi. Five years later Petrograd lured him and he entered the Imperial Academy of Arts, attending first the classes of Kovalevsky and later those of the well-known genre painter, Kardovsky. It was not long, however, before the forces of revolution that were fermenting beneath the placid surface of autocracy began to work their influence on the impressionable young artist, and even before completing his work at the Academy he had developed a distinctively personal vision of form and color. Rather extensive travels throughout his own country resulted in a number of sensitively seen landscapes. Some portraits were done about this period, a period which culminated in the exhibition of a number of his works at the Salon d'Automne in Paris and the award on the part of that body in the form of an election as Sociétaire.

There followed the scenery for the production, at Mme. Vera Kommissarjevskaya's Theatre in Petrograd, of Hugo von Hofmannstahl's "Marriage of Zobeide" and Anisfeld's commission by Serge Diaghileff to undertake important settings for the Russian Ballet. But before entering upon this phase of his life which has so close a connection with art revolution in Russia, it is important to know something of the conditions in Russian artistic life.

In the last decade of the last century all branches of art rose in revolt against the realistic movement exemplified in literature by Dostoevsky and Tolstoi, in music by Moussorgsky and Dargomizsky, and in painting by Repin, Perov, and Levitan. As always the revolution came slowly and evidences of its coming might easily be detected in some of the elder men. Its proclamation, however, soon took the form of an unswerving and intense individualism. It can in no sense of the word be called a school, and its prophets unto this day show no intention of dwarfing their individuality through any connection with one another.

Between the compositions of Scriabin and Stravinsky—to draw an example from music and also one with which Americans are familiar—there is an impassable gulf. Their work stands for different ideals, different purposes. Yet both are essentially individualistic and both represent the forces that are driving art in Russia to—what? The answer is in the lap of Time.

ANISFELD AND THE RUSSIAN BALLET

Serge Diaghileff's was the task of coordinating these personalities in that attempted union of the arts called the Russian Ballet, and it is his glory that at no time did he attempt to subordinate the personality of any of these free spirits. Of the painters who were called upon to devise settings and costumes for the Diaghileff organization Anisfeld was not the least, though his fame was obscured in the popular furor over Bakst. Yet for the Russian Ballet and for other theatrical enterprises in Russia he contributed to the production of "Islamey," "Les Preludes," "Egyptian Nights," "The

Seven Daughters of the Ghost King," "Les Sylphides," and, with the co-operation of Golovin, Reikh, Serov, and others, the epoch-marking productions of "Ivan the Terrible" and "Boris Godounoff." To even the most casual eye there is a marked similarity between the forest scene in the Metropolitan production of Moussorgsky's opera and "The Birch Grove" shown in the Brooklyn Institute.

The first quality of Anisfeld's work is its comprehensive versatility. Besides his scenic decoration there are paintings of every variety of subject. Portraits, landscapes, fantasies, genre pictures, and still life—all are to be found in the exhibition. Yet through them all runs the predominate feeling for the emotional value. A clear keen vision his that would see into the very heart of his subject and derive therefrom that which will appeal to the emotional side of us. As he himself has said, he paints what he feels, and this feeling, be it understood, is always in terms of colour.

TRANSPARENT COLOUR ABOVE ALL ELSE

Above all else, Anisfeld is a colourist. Colour predominates, great rich masses of it, tingling with life and light. In his work there is none of that reasoning logical attempt to set up scientifically the play of light that we find in the impressionists; their methods are entirely foreign to his. More like Cézanne, the light is applied in the colour and through the medium of broad planes that shift with the shifting of light upon them. Above all else is the quality of transparency that illumines all his colour.

This transparency results from the clearest of colour vision. Apparently in his painting of a canvas Anisfeld does not touch the brush until the vision in his own mind and imagination is clear, for there is no piling up of masses of paint to secure body of tone. Yet how much deeper and substantial is this colour than any we have ever seen. In it is the breath of life itself. Like Stravinsky's orchestration, the colour of an Anisfeld painting derives its value from the simplest of means. As Stravinsky can make a single instrument tell more than all the Strauss piling of mass on mass, so Anisfeld allows a single hue to speak his eloquence.

For that matter, Anisfeld's composition has borrowed much from music. His canvases are veritable symphonies in colour, symphonies that spring from the well-ordered and definitely intentioned imagination of genius. There is in them the harmonic richness and the emotional force of the Orient. The civilizations that flourished in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris have reached their long hands of benediction over him. The Jewish blood within him proclaims its message of brilliant imagery in his colour and fantastic composition.

His art requires no searching intellectual attitude for its appreciation. The effect of colour and composition are as direct as the appeal of great music. Let the eye drink in this colour as the ear drinks in the colour of music; that is the only requisite for its full enjoyment.



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The Christmas Raid

London, Dec. 18th, 1917

By ALLEN TUCKER

THE night is cold,
The curving moon hangs low,
She rocks her babe,
And sings the song of Peace,
Of Peace on earth;
For it is Christmas tide.

A whistle sounds,
Another down the street,
A cannon fires,
Again, again,
Faster, faster,
Above a war-plane throbs,
Louder, louder,
Nearer, nearer.
Sudden the house leaps back,
A great noise splits the world,
A blinding light,
The affrighted house—shakes—stands.
Then all is still,
And very dark.
The babe lies dead;
Killed even in the encircling mother's arms.

While up above,
Between the glistening stars,
The angels sing,
Sing on in spite of war,
Peace, peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

New York Opera Audiences

(Continued from page 73)



such a singer and his or her ability to stir vast throngs would suffice to keep him in nerve. But no. From the knowledge that a few tried claquers are on hand to bolster him with applause at the point where he craves it, he has the same feeling of assurance that a confirmed ocean traveller has from the presence in his cabin of a life preserver. Then there are further and more general uses for the claque. To the leader of the claque, our renowned New York impresario may say: "Bring so many of your veteran troops, with trusted lieutenants, to-morrow night. I want a round of applause for the conductor, on his entrance; two recalls for the prima donna after her first solo, three curtain calls at the end of the first act, five at the end of the second," and so on.

Of course, not curtain calls but box office returns register popular success; but the former can powerfully help the latter on, by creating an atmosphere of success.

NOW, the public, by banding together, could, in its turn, by means of applause and hisses, make effective its pleasure and displeasure. We should not listen helplessly to the vocal and instrumental wooings of uninterned aliens, we should not put up, week after week, with the ministrations of a mastodonic con-

trato in a rôle designed for a light and graceful soprano. We should, in short, have a public opinion in musical matters—not an infallible public opinion, but at least a vigorous and wholesome opinion.

IT has been difficult to explain to distinguished French and Italian visitors to our shores, some of the phenomena of our musical performances during the war. They do not understand. Employing a quick practical intelligence, they go directly to the root of the matter, in this wise: "We have heard that your country, musically speaking, is German," or "That couldn't be done in France or Italy; our audiences are too *malins*."

We flounder around in an explanation and then we stop short. The most courteous peoples in the world do not recognize any courtesy that takes the form either of ignorance or of indifference.

So, why blame a foreign impresario for dealing with facts as a nation presents them to his consciousness? The long and the short of it is that this war has awakened some of us Americans to the artistic,—yes, artistic,—fact that the vital need to-day of our American opera houses and concert rooms is not a crowded attendance, but a critical and outspoken audience.

PLAYING THE FRONT

(Continued from page 35)

the boys were somewhat inhospitable and sent them Hunward with a couple of air-shells. Later the same night we repeated at a similar artillery station and then motored forty miles back to our hotel."

These blithe Ford-touring units of five represent the real under-fire front-line trench-men of the Over-There Theatre League's entertainers that are to occupy France for the Americans at Christmas time. There will also be a company playing New York successes in the leave areas, with Mary Boland, Mary Hampton, Minnie Dupree, and Sidney Shields taking turns at being maids and leading women, thus helping to make the stage safe for democracy. Then, too, there are the Camp Directors, — Dorothy Donnelly, Willamene Wilkes, Dallas Tyler, Clara Blandick, and Laura Sherry, each of whom has an ingénue and a share in the twenty crates of costumes sent by the League to Paris. For the rest of her company and all of her scenery the Camp Director calls on the Army itself, and the Army responds with a joyful whoop and much genuine talent in the various plays chosen for production somewhere in France. These, too, will play the leave areas.

Yet after all, it isn't the boy on leave to whom our hearts go out. To be anywhere, out of mud, is to have colossal good fortune.

A SERMON FROM HENRY STREET

"I used to live on Henry Street," said a girl who swept from jazz to a sermon and back again at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York just before she went across. "I was born in Odessa—born to talk Yiddish just as I'm talking now. How many of you have boys over there?"

A forest of hands were raised above shawled heads. The jazz girl leaned forward, staring into their faces.

"Mayn't I take a kiss from every mother here to her boy in France?" she said softly. She didn't use the grown-up words, but the little syllables of childhood on Henry Street.

The faces lit up, smiling, understanding, even the darkest of them. Here was one girl, one singing dancing girl who had come from Henry Street. They liked that.

"Write to your boys," said the jazz girl. "Tell them to say, 'Hello, Rita—my mother saw you in the Neighborhood Playhouse.'"

After all, what makes Christmas? It isn't the gifts, though a pair of socks and a plum cake may bring a merry little glow of their own to the dimmest of dugouts. Christmas is just mainly home folks—was, is, and ever shall be. And, to the vast bulk of our Army, the nearest thing to home folks will be that muddy little Ford-ful of girls.

BRINGING HOME FOLKS TO THE FRONT

Can't you see them—past the lighted candles of your own tree—lurching along the gullied roads from Hut to Hut, from ruined town to ruined town? They got up with the dawn, but the bitter twilight shuts down yellowly, and the stars come out, and the wind cuts as only a French wind can, and still they don't go home.

By and by the last stand is played, the last steps are danced. They are escorted riotously to their Ford. They wave a last good-bye, a stage good-bye as fresh and as light and as brave as the one the other men had from them at noon, fifty miles back through the mud. The Army goes away lingeringly, whistling "K-K-Katie," its collar up to its ears.

The road runs on into the dark. Tired? They could die. The rouge stands out on their white faces. Blanche's fan is lost, and Stella's chiffons are all crushed like dead rose leaves.

Then—oh, it was bound to happen—there's a voice in the darkness.

"No show? Nothing? All day long? The poor boys! Why, yes, I guess so—what say, girls? We're all in and there isn't a note left in anybody's voice. But we'll try. . . ."

"Good old guitar," says Miss Eyie ten minutes later, standing up on the back seat of the Ford to give an entirely unpremeditated performance at quarter to midnight for the benefit of a bunch of railway troops that thought Santa Claus had forgotten them. "You'll have to cut the steps out, Stella, but after all I never thought Cinderella needed them. Dear boys—dear, dear boys. . . . Why, Stella, child, you're crying."

THE HONOUR ROLL

These Are the Entertainers Who Have Gone to France for the Over-There Theatre League.

Annie Abbott	Gertrude Dallas	Diana Kasner	Agnes Patterson
Mabelle Adams	Helene Davis	H. Bratton	Albert Perry
Morton Adkins	Dorothy Donnelly	Kennedy	Hal Pierson
Harry Adler	Leo Donnelly	Will J. Kennedy	William Powers
Ethel Albertini	Minnie Dupree	Jas. F. Kelly &	Jack Raymond
Maude Allen	Gretchen Eastman	Emma Pollock	Dora Rebeni
Lillian Ammalee	Mildred Evans	Nellie Kouns	Dora Ronca
Alfred Armand	Lois Ewell	Sara Kouns	Blanche Savoie
Edna Aug	Amparito Farrar	Garda Kova	Gladys Sears
Lucie Babcock	Mrs. Farrar	Bessie Leonard	Paula Sherman
Vera Barstow	Harry Ferguson	David Lerner	Sidney Shields
Clara Blandick	Grace Fisher	Frederick	Henry Souvaine
Mary Boland	Charles Fleming	Livingston	George Spink &
Marjorie Bonner	Katherine Florence	Marian Lord	Ellen Tate
George Botsford	Frank Garfield	Henry Marcus &	Margaret Summer
Eric Bowcock	Madeline Glynn	Erminie Whittell	Paula Temple
Elizabeth Brice	Helen Goff	Edward Marshall	Doris Thayer
Frederick Burt	Billy Gould	Alice Martin	Tsianina
Zella Call	Rita Gould	Ida May	Dallas Tyler
Catherine Cameron	Thos. J. Gray	Margaret Mayo	Frank Vardon &
Mary Cameron	Gilbert Gregory	Carroll McComas	Harry Perry
John Cantwell &	Elizabeth Griffin	Mignon McGibeny	Beulah Walcott
Reta Walker	Mary Hampton	Burr McIntosh	W. Raymond
Louise Carlyle	Dorothy Haynes	D. C. MacIver	Walker
Bessie Carrete	Grace Henry	Lida McMillan &	Florence Williams
Dorothy Chesmond	Stella Hoban	Bert Snow	Willamene Wilkes
Vera Coburn	Amy Horton	Lois Meredith	Fritz Williams
Louise Coffey	Ida Brooks Hunt	Homer Miles	Margot Williams
Helen Colley	Tony Hunting &	Geo. Austin Moore	Inez Wilson
Howard T. Collins	Corinne Frances	Will Morrissey	Horace Wright &
Kate Condon	Lydia Isabel Irving	Marie Nordstrom	Renee Dietrich
Wm. Cressy &	Harry Israel	Patricia O'Connor	Walter Young
Blanche Dayne	Irene Jacobs	Berman Paley	
Beulah Crofoot	Constance Karla	Elizabeth Paige	

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FOR THE HOSTESS

(Continued from page 81)



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HONEY CUSTARDS

There are many ways in which honey may be used in desserts. The following makes a delicious dish. Beat five eggs slightly, taking care not to make them foamy. Add slowly one-half cup of honey, four cups of scalded milk, one-eighth teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Bake in cups, which should be set in a pan of water in a moderate oven.

A custard which does double duty may be eaten for itself or poured as a sauce over sliced oranges or other fruit. It can also be used instead of cream on gelatine desserts. To make it, mix one-third of a cup of honey with one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt and three egg yolks. Scald two cups of milk, and pour this over the eggs, and cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens.

TWO FROZEN HONEY DESSERTS

Honey adds delight to frozen dainties. To make a honey ice cream mix three-fourths of a cup of delicately flavoured honey with one quart of thin cream and freeze at once. Another frozen dessert, honey mousse, requires a little more time in its preparation. Beat four eggs lightly and slowly pour them over one cup of hot honey. Cook until the mixture thickens. After it is cool, add one pint of whipped cream. Put the mixture into a mould, pack in salt and ice, and let it stand three or four hours.

HONEY CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Honey and cream make a particularly delicious combination. Place one-half of a cup of fine honey in a pan set in ice water. Whip one quart of cream and add it to the cold honey, mixing the two well. With half-a-dozen or more lady fingers line a suitable and attractive dish and fill it with the honey and cream. This must be served cold.

HONEYED STRAWBERRIES

For use with fruits, honey is very satisfactory. The famous Bar-le-Duc currants are cooked in honey after having had the seeds removed, it is said, with a gold needle so that no steely taste mars the fine natural flavour. Strawberries may be preserved with honey in the following manner. Mix equal parts of fresh ripe strawberries and fine flavoured honey, measuring by weight. Dry in a warm oven; put into carefully sterilized glasses, and cover with paraffin.

HONEY APPLE SAUCE

Cut two quarts of apples into small pieces. Make a syrup of two cups of honey, one cup of vinegar, and one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Cook the apples, a few at a time, in the syrup until they take on a clear transparent look. Then pour the syrup which remains over the apples.

HONEY FILLING OR ICING

A honey filling for layer cakes is also very useful as an icing, especially if the cake is to be dusted with chopped nuts. It is very soft and may be made in quantities sufficient to last for several

weeks, as its keeping qualities are excellent. To make it, boil together one cup of granulated sugar and one-fourth cup of water. Add one-fourth cup of honey, taking care that it does not boil over. Cook until a drop keeps its form in cold water. Beat the white of one egg stiff while letting the syrup cool, then pour the syrup over the egg, and beat continuously until the mixture will hold its shape. This filling is rather soft for the top of a cake, but holds nuts or chopped fruits very well.

HONEY CANDIES

Boil together two cups of honey and one cup of heavy cream until the mixture forms a ball when dropped into cold water, stirring continuously to keep it from scorching. Pour into buttered pans; when slightly cool cut in squares. This is a particularly delicious recipe.

Mix together one cup of chopped figs, one cup of chopped raisins, two cups of chopped candied cherries, half a cup of chopped blanched almonds, half a cup of English walnuts, and a cup of honey. Press into a pan, cut into squares, and roll in powdered sugar. Another delicious confection is made with walnuts. Boil two cups of honey, one cup of boiling water, and four tablespoonfuls of butter to a hard ball; drop from a tablespoon on a buttered tin, pressing halves of English walnuts around the edge of each before it gets cold.

STEAMED HONEY BROWN BREAD

A very delicious brown bread owes its delicate flavour to the addition of honey. The recipe is as follows: mix together one cup of yellow cornmeal, two cups of graham flour, and one teaspoonful of salt; add two cups of sour milk, two-thirds of a cup of honey, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of boiling water. After mixing well, stir in one cup of seeded raisins. Steam for three hours in covered tins, well greased. One-pound baking-powder boxes are very appropriate, as the bread slices well in that shape. The cans should not be filled more than two-thirds full as the bread swells in cooking.

HONEY AND NUT BRAN MUFFINS

The following recipe will make sixteen large muffins, each of which may be considered a hundred-calorie ration: in a large pan sift one cup of flour, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt; stir in two cups of bran. Make a hole in the centre of the flour and pour in one and one-half cups of milk, one-half cup of honey, and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Mix well, stirring in three-fourths of a cup of finely chopped English walnuts. Drop into gem pans and bake twenty-five to thirty minutes in a hot oven. Each muffin contains about two grams of protein.

HONEY SANDWICHES

For sandwiches, honey is delicious mixed with minced pecan meats or almonds and spread between small baking-powder biscuits. It may also be added to cream cheese and chopped nuts as a filling for bread of any kind.



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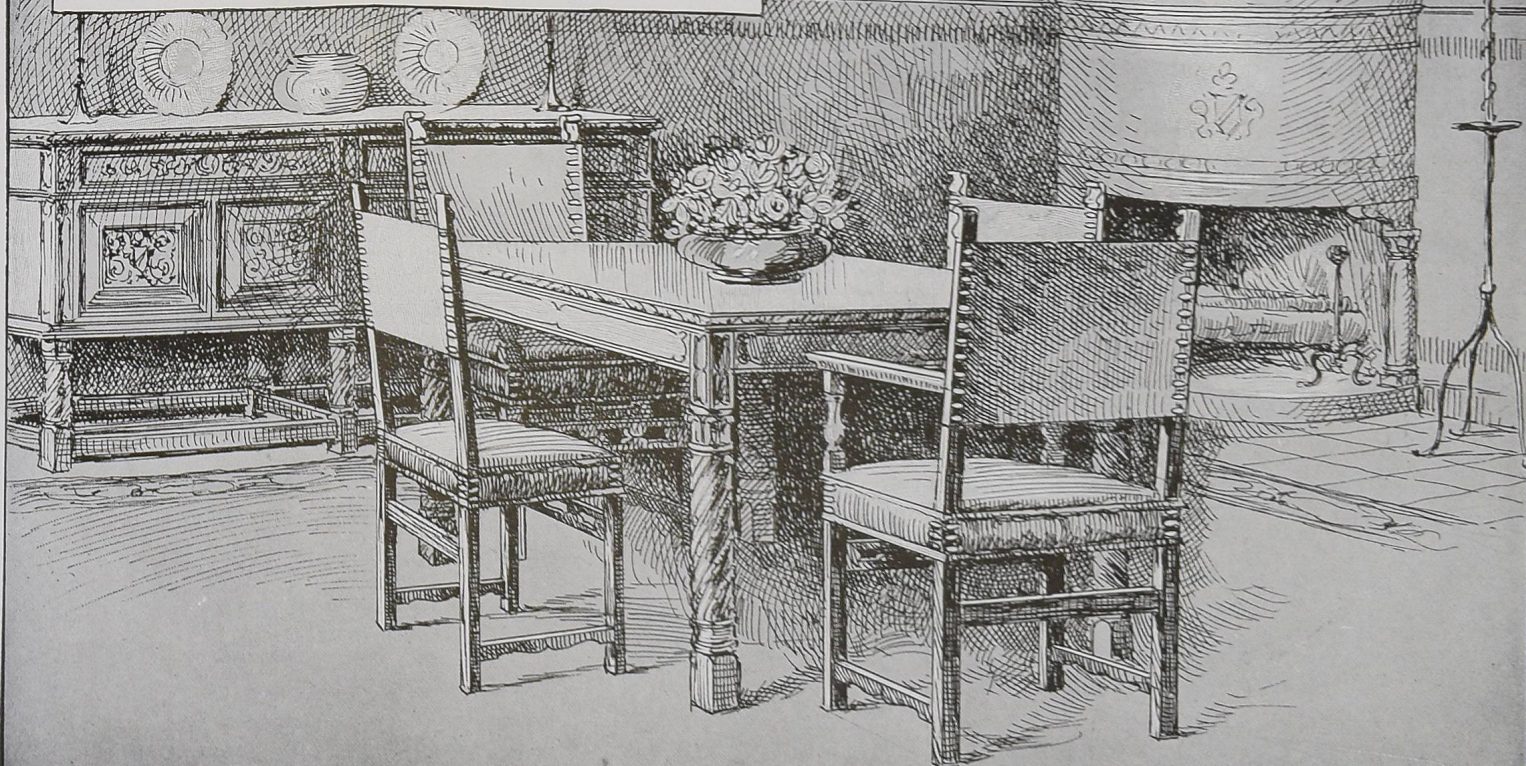
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